











LAKE CHUZENJI, JAPAN.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.



With, Carl.

MAY IT INDUCE SOME TO DO THE SAME.



CHICAGO
1906



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OYFULLY DO I DEDICATE THESE PAGES TO TWO
MOTHERS WHO HAVE MADE THIS JOURNEY POS-
SIBLE FOR US, MOTHERS IN EVERY SENSE OF
THE WORD.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

By transfer
JAN 25 1909

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BY M. A. READ.

A Little Journey Around the World.



SEPTEMBER 13, 1905.

It is the fashion or rather old fashion to begin ones notes with an apology.

I have no apology to make in keeping this record, it is written wholly for my friends and is something which I may refer to, to recall my wanderings.

There are many reasons for taking a trip around the world, and leaving a pleasant home, family and friends. It should not only bring back health, but should be an education that will make one understand his fellow being better, to broaden his view and last if not first the pleasure one obtains from travel.

The lights of Chicago were very dim through the tears that would come to our poor weak eyes as the Overland Limited pulled out promptly on time—eight o'clock.

I cannot leave Chicago without a thought of her who has been a mother to me in a way for so many years, and when some rowdy fired a shot through the car window, missing a man's head by a foot, it brought to mind the many people who have grown up in Chicago through all its rioting, strikes, etc., to forget what law is, and when boys of ten and fifteen go around and openly defy the law, carrying revolvers as they wish, it is time a strict hand was placed over the city.

But, withal, it is a great city and has produced a set of men who for business capacity can defy the world. Her climate is trying and when one can become accustomed to it they should be able to stand anything in the world. But the Overland Limited waits for no sentiment of this kind. She speeds us on our straight path across Illinois and Iowa and the morning brings us to Council Bluffs.

I tell N—— how Lewis and Clark here met the Indians in council and for that reason named the place. She said she thought it was because they bluffed the Indians. Please forgive her; she is only a girl.

It is strange to note the different methods of farming as we go along each hundred miles or so. They have a way of their own. Nebraska seems turned over to cattle and corn and is certainly a booming state.

Our last stop is Kearney. It is just six o'clock, I suggest supper and N. says yes, but we turn our watches back an hour here. Time has beat us out of our supper by one hour, and so it will be until we get home, ever trying to keep pace with sun and time.

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1905.

Last night, after passing through several rain storms, we came out under a silver moon. I anticipated some beautiful views from our observation car and although we were but a short distance north of Denver, "A city of mountains," our view was of a flat and uninteresting country which drove us early to bed.

Up to noon to-day our ride has been through that dried up and uncultivated region which covers the greater part of Wyoming and adjacent states. Nature never intended man to live in such a place, or at most derive anything from the

soil. All that there is, is the atmosphere, which Chicago should buy by the cubic mile. I had thought we were away from all traces of civilization until I saw an automobile being repaired beside a country road just as I have seen on Sheridan Road a hundred times. A little farther on a cow was munching grass in a grave yard, securely tied to a head stone.

Our dining car having been smashed in a wreck, we are thankful that our kind friends behind have provisioned us for our trip.

At last we have left the sage brush and rocks and rolled down into one of Idaho's fertile and well-watered valleys where stock raising keeps people busy. The hills have grown to mountains which look to block us at every turn of the way, but somehow man has found a path down which our train speeds westward. Our company has changed to a crowd of army men, handsome as they go.

To-night we are ten hours late, but still have hopes to make it up.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

Having gone at a snail's pace through the hills and mountains of Idaho, we have swooped down this afternoon at the very end of our journey into a country which made even such frontiersmen as Lewis and Clark grow eloquent in description. It is indeed a fitting end to our first jaunt.

Set in by hills five or six thousand feet, the Columbia leaps down on her journey to the sea. Whether she is the "Gem of the Ocean" remains to be seen; but she is certainly a gem. Her water, a dark blue, capped white here and there where the rocks break forth. I have heard and read many descriptions of the railroad along the Hudson, but I doubt if it is far ahead of this which we hear so little of, and one may

throw a stone from the car to the river almost all the way down to Portland.

This morning at ten o'clock we stopped at the little town of Kanula just 4,203 feet above the sea. We left our two panting locomotives and with one little engine made better time than with two. We are three hours late, but it might be worse.

As we draw near to Portland our train grows more crowded with Pilgrims going to pay homage to Capt. Clark and Lieut. Lewis. What a change has been wrought since first they brought their band out here. They took over a year to come where we have been in three days.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

We have installed ourselves in one of Portland's best hotels and after a good night went to the Exposition. Tonight at six o'clock we have seen the Fair, and have seen it well.

How anyone would travel from Chicago here to see it I cannot see. It is something you would not want to miss if you had it in your own city, but as for its being anything like a World's Fair or St. Louis Fair it is not, and were it not for the Government would rank little better than the Oregon State Fair. There is the same conglomerate exhibitions of foreign merchants who it would seem have simply come here to dispose of their own productions rather than exhibit their fine wares. Japan, Turkey, Italy, Egypt and Germany have filled every nook and corner with such a mass of trinkets that it looks like a Clark Street pawn shop.

There are two redeeming features which really do credit to the Fair, that is the Government exhibit and the Forestry Building with a few state buildings adding less of interest.

The Forestry building is a huge building built entirely of undressed Oregon Fir, a very strong wood and straight as an arrow. Inside this building are huge slabs of polished wood, stuffed animals, a fish hatchery and a large number of wood factory exhibits, such as basket making, etc.

The Government building has brought almost all that it had at St. Louis and perhaps has added a little more, such as Alaskan products and things from the Philippines.

We held in our hands one nugget which weighed 182 ounces and was valued at \$3,276.00. It is too bad we did not have room for it in our baggage.

The life saving crew gave a successful imitation of bringing in a shipwrecked crew. Before closing to attend the performance of "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" I wish to copy a panel from the government building:

"To the People of the Great West: Jefferson gave you the country, Lewis and Clark showed you the way, the rest is your own course of empire. Honor the brave men who fore-saw your west. May the memory of their glorious achievements be your precious heritage."

SEPTEMBER 17TH.

To-day we have stopped in our Nellie Bly race to enjoy a quiet day.

We were fortunate in being able to listen to Washington Gladden this morning at the First Presbyterian Church. Large church that it was, it was packed with a congregation that seemed to drink in every word the speaker uttered.

It is a fine thing to find in a new and growing city like this, where every thought seems to be to boom the city, that so large a number are thinking seriously about such important subjects as our relations to each other in the social scale, etc.

There is no lawlessness in this overcrowded city to compare with Chicago. Men are more in earnest and I only wish that this wave of unselfishness and good will to all would wash back to Chicago.

Portland is a city of wonderful growth in vegetation. Every thing seems to thrive as though placed in a hot house. Rose bushes are everywhere. At each door step and lawn climbing roses, and all grow and bloom as I have never seen before. Perhaps so many flowers brings people into a purer and better plain than those of us who spend such toil on a few little flowers.

Tomorrow we leave for Seattle by Northern Pacific.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

Our ride up here was one of the most picturesque we have had since leaving home, which is saying a good deal.

After spending a morning in the shops of Portland, we took Northern Pacific at two o'clock. Riding again along the Columbia River still as beautiful and clear as before.

As our train ran along beside the river directly back rose the high woody hills, covered with lofty firs, while still higher and crowning all, with glistening white peaks, were the great mountains which sat posing like dignified, bald-headed old gentlemen, not in the front row of the pit, but away up in a gallery all their own.

Can you imagine a more beautiful picture than this as the evening sun darkened the valleys and foot hills, yet still threw a search-light glow on the peaks above. Mt. Hood, St. Helena and Rainier were all in full view through the clear air and only faded away when the light was gone. I thought

the moon would again show them up, but it was not to be. So after a ride which was only interrupted by our engine breaking down we backed down into this noisy city of Seattle and are landed with a few of the Japanese plenipotentiaries in the Washington Hotel, which is on a high bluff overlooking all the surrounding country and bays.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.

Seattle is not the quiet place Portland was. Everything seems confusion, rush and go, here. Possibly some of it comes from the tearing up of all streets preparatory to new pavement. Our hotel is on a bluff about 300 feet high. A theatre company, in order to put up a building, have literally carved away a full half block of this cliff for their building, a stupendous work for such an enterprise.

The street railway company have combined with the city's improvement association to boom the city. Each day they send out two cars with guides to show you the beauty of the place.

Certainly they do not have to mention the surrounding region with its pretty lakes and woody parks, but as for the city and its buildings they are yet as nothing, but they are trying hard to make it and now claim a population of 160,000.

We have already visited our steamer which is to carry us to Japan, and she is certainly a monster, but to see her at her best is to take her out on the sea fighting the elements and then we may pass judgment.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER DAKOTA.

To-day we have cast off all ties and as we look off from our ship we can just catch a last fleeting glimpse of the Olympic Mountains.

Surely there is nothing so like human life as in putting out to sea, and Tennyson comes back, "May there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea." My last experiences of Seattle were not the kind to put a traveler in a tranquil state of mind. Up to an hour before the ship sailed my trunk shipped from Chicago had not been found. This may seem like a small matter, but all my precious little conveniences and clothes, which were to accompany me around the world, seemed gone. After purchasing an entirely new wardrobe, and giving up all hope, I found my trunk at the steamer.

Among our fellow passengers are a large part of Baron Kamura's party and others from all over our own country, a total of about one hundred, a very congenial and delightful company.

I will not attempt to describe our ship until a later day. She swarms with a host of obliging Chinese servants.

As we left the wharf the missionaries sang "Pilot Me" in the cabin, the Japanese ashore shouted "Benzai" and above all a hearty college cheer rang out.

Slowly, without a motion till you looked ashore, we went out into the bay. All day our course was down the bay with a grand view of the mountains reaching up above the snow line.

In the afternoon about four our pilot left us taking our

last word back and we were cut off from the world for fourteen days.

What things may happen in those days. We can only say, God keep our little ones. So the night closes in and we go quietly to bed in our big ship as comfortable as we were at home.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

Weather cloudy and cool. Sea calm. Still in the Sound or rather Strait of Juande Fuca, which, an officer says, "we leave to-night."

SEPTEMBER 22ND.

Sea still calm. Temperature between 50° and 60°. Bright and clear. Miles traveled to noon, 263.

SEPTEMBER 23RD.

Weather still fair. Temperature lower, between 45° and 60°. Meeting of the passengers held to elect entertainment committee. Very enthusiastic. Miles traveled to noon, 317.

SEPTEMBER 24TH.

Weather clear and bright. To-day has been full of interest. Whales have been spouting in every direction with an occasional school of porpoises.

Church services were held in the main saloon and were quite acceptable after such a lazy week. Noon found us another 337 miles along and still going well. As the afternoon wears away a storm is coming up in our face.

SEPTEMBER 25TH.

To-day we find ourselves storm tossed and this great ship being tossed about as a little chip. All day long the storm lasted, driving great waves over the bow, but no one was lost and no damage done.

One Chinaman died the night before and was deposited in the life boat, as it is against their religion to bury one at sea.

We only made 242 miles to-day, which was on account of the storm.

We go to our berths with the terrific seas still coming over our side.

SEPTEMBER 26TH.

Bright and clear. Temperature 45° to 50°. To-day we met our first accident. The electric steering gear was out of order and for two hours we simply floundered around in great circles, but at last were straightened out.

I take this opportunity of describing our great ship. Her length is 630 feet, breadth 136 feet, and when fully mounted can carry 2,500 to 4,000 people of all classes. Through her smokestack one could drive a coach and four.

Her main object is freight between America and the Orient. At present she is carrying 26,000 tons, mostly in locomotives and freight cars for the Japanese government, together with food products.

This crude outline of this ship does not begin to describe her elegant furnishings. She cost \$3,500,000 and nothing was spared in the way of conveniences for the first-class passengers. Great, large staterooms, special large windows, private telephone service, electric heat and lights. In all a great hotel of the high sea. Her crew is entirely Chinese as well as

stewards and cooks. No such servant was ever found before. So neat, quick, and so civil. Two hundred of them in all, a little colony by themselves.

Among our passengers are many of the Secretaries of Baron Kamura, of the Peace Conference, together with Mr. Dennison, their American adviser. They are agreeable fellow passengers, but talk little English. They carry the Portsmouth treaty back to the Emperor.

Most of the other hundred passengers are missionaries going back to their posts. A few business men and some pleasure seekers make up the rest.

SEPTEMBER 27TH AND 28TH.

I have dated to-day's notes 27th and 28th as we must skip a day in our course westward. The new day begins at 180° . To-day was spent trying to get a glimpse of the Alutian Islands, but on account of the fog, was impossible. All that we could see was one little peak far out, the night before. Just a little hint to show us our earth was not all covered with water. As I write these notes a terrific storm is coming up. I trust it will do us no damage.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.

Miles, 325. Weather, stormy.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.

Miles, 256.

Storm over. Still cold, about 50° .

OCTOBER 1ST.

Church this A. M. Weather milder, about 65°. Calm sea.
Distance run, 326 miles.

OCTOBER 2ND.

We are beginning to get down into the Japan current and our heavy clothing will soon have to disappear.

OCTOBER 3RD.

We had a disappointment in our run to-day and it is doubtful if we reach harbor Thursday or Friday.

OCTOBER 4TH.

Miles, 322. Weather very mild and calm. A good run and we are sure to arrive in Yokohama Thursday P. M. We ran through several schools of flying fish.

OCTOBER 5TH.

To-night finds our ship with anchor down and at rest from her long run. We sighted land in the early morning and about noon we entered Tokio Bay. All the rest of the run we were well in sight of the rough cliff outlining the shore. Numberless little fishing boats, or sampans, as they call them here, skim along beside, or else were sculled with large crooked oar from the rear. They say these poor fishermen spend their entire time on the water. No wonder they make good fighters

on their battleships. We were guided through the mine fields and past the forts by another steamer and finally came to anchor off quarantine. Eight official looking doctors came aboard and after a careful inspection, aided with a few bottles of champagne, we were allowed to pass.

There was quite a little excitement as the Peace Treaty with the envoys was putting off from the ship. A torpedo boat, whether by carelessness or design, smashed into the Peace Envoys' launch, knocking a big hole in her bow. A little more and the treaty would have been lost. One man was knocked overboard, and it is doubtful if he was rescued, though we saw him struggling in the water.

About dark we were put ashore and after a struggle with ricksha men we were carted off to our hotel.

The ricksha men are tough, wiry fellows, and have a gait peculiar to themselves. It is about like a dog trot, but it covers the ground. I will not attempt to describre the lantern-lit streets and the people until a later day.

The Grand Hotel here is very modern and is about the same as some of our second class hotels, except the cooking, which is thoroughly up-to-date. There is one idea that strikes me as we land in our first Japanese city. Everything seems to smack of an imitation of American ideas, even the ricksha men try to beat you the same as the Chicago hackman, but it is better; we get our experience early.

OCTOBER 6TH.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

Our first sight-seeing day has been rather a dismal one, as there has been a constant downpour, but, withal, things seem to move along just as if the sun was bright. The people in

the streets, in the shops and in the homes are all busy like a hill of ants. Each child, boy, girl and grownups, all striving as though their lives depended on their finishing their task within the shortest possible time; yet it goes on forever, just the same. Our day was spent with a shopping trip through Benton Dore (the Wall Street of Yokohama) in the morning. The afternoon a ride up to Noge Yama, a high hill which overlooks the city and harbor. It has a few temples on it, but they are not the best samples of either Buddha or Shinto temples, yet they give us our first insight in bowing down to heathen images.

We have the pleasure of seeing a genuine drama later. Yokohama has one street on which its show houses stand, a regular Midway, or Pike, and is appropriately named Theatre Street.

The theatre building, like all others, is low and dingy at the entrance. You leave shoes, umbrellas, etc., without a check, but always get them back. The admittance fee to Europeans is one yen (50 cents) which entitles you to a seat or cushion in a box. The box itself is nothing more or less than a small pen over the rail of which you climb to your cushion.

The play is carried on with great gusto and very rapid gestures and movements. At the most pathetic scenes the audience seems to fairly go mad and shouts vigorously. As the end draws near the excitement reaches its height and large wads of paper are thrown at the hero and heroine. It is a continuous performance, yet one act is enough for us at a time. So home we trot again.

With our nininbiki (2 men ricksha) we set out this morning for a place in the country called Sugito. Our path or lane ran out under the high cliffs which surround Y—— out through the poorer districts into the green country sides. It was a very pleasing sight to see the rice and barley fields

all growing in little patches each in different stages of maturity and like so many things Japanese, all so trim and neat.

The woods on the hillsides were somewhat tropical with a scattered Palm tree here and there in the rhododendrons.

Our road was made of gravel and answered fairly well to our own gravel roads. Every few feet we met a pilgrim for Y—, or a farmer girl with a huge load of hay, or a cart drawn by a little scrubby horse which badly needed a hair cut. The path was lined here and there with little shops. Now you would see a naked blacksmith, again a barber, all steady at work, never stopping but for a glance at us "Foreign devils."

Our first stop was at a tea house. It is hard to describe such a unique and pretty place. Several tea houses or sheds surrounded a little ornamental garden with the regulation stream of water, gold fish, etc. We were lead through this into a back tea house after depositing our shoes. We were seated at a tiny table and received our tea and cakes.

The lady would not mention the price, but from the bowing and greetings which we received I am sure the ten cents sufficed. Going a little farther we had a wonderful panorama of the surrounding hills and then back again to town—a lovely trip. The afternoon was spent in a real ball game between Japanese and Americans to the Americans' disgrace.

OCTOBER 7TH.

A beautiful Sabbath day. The morning spent in writing and church. This afternoon we took a ride to what is claimed by guide books to be the *one* of most interest around Y—. It is all so pretty it is not beyond mention, yet is not to be compared with our ride of yesterday. The road follows the shore out over the bluffs and down again through the rice

fields, finally landing you at a temple and tea house, the prettiest part of which is a waterfall making a natural bath room for the worshippers. More walking and our day ends.

OCTOBER 10, 1905.

Our trip to-day was by rail to Kamakura, which is a sea-side resort for the settlement people of Yokohama.

The chief points of interest according to guide books and other authorities are the Hachiman temple, which was being visited by some of the Emperor's 200 or 300 children at the same time we were, so it was a royal occasion. It is not really a royal temple, but was used by the Shoguns, or old style governors, and contains many relics dating back for hundreds of years.

That for which Kamakura is most noted is the Daibutsu—a great Buddha image in the shape of a head made up of bronze plates all welded together. The eyes are made from gold, which measure 3 feet 11 inches in length, weighing over 30 pounds. It is a wonderful affair and would make a pretty garden piece for some rich American estate.

After a lunch by the sea-shore we set out for the Island of Enoshima. The beauty of the place is its setting in the sea. The high cliff rising right out of the sea with a single path through Katase to it. It was not so much the beauty of the island as our grand view of Mount Fugi, which paid us for our long walk and climb.

Then back again to Yokohama with a dozen gay native girls crowding us almost out of the car.

OCTOBER 11TH.

To-day has been a day of shopping and a study of the real Yokohama.

Yokohama is a city laid out for the foreigners, as it was nothing but a fishing village when Perry landed at Kanagawa bay, then the original treaty port, in the year 1854, but for diplomatic reasons the Japanese made Yokohama the open trade port.

At the present time there are living in the settlement about 1,800 British, 600 Americans, and the balance, about 2,000, of foreigners, while scattered around the city there are between three and four hundred thousand Japanese and Chinese. The bay is fully protected by a huge breakwater where the largest ships are always safe. The great merchant vessels continually coming and going making a pretty sight from the shore. Along the front of the city is the Bund, back of which the best hotels face out toward the bay.

All streets of Y—— are very narrow compared to any American city, but as the main traffic is by ricksha they are quite large enough.

The little shops which line the streets have a way of opening up their entire fronts so that a passer-by can easily see the entire stock from the street, and it makes an enticing display to newcomers. These shops, together with numerous tea houses, line the streets, the shop-keepers living over them. They are always open until evening and then all slides are closed tight, windows barred and every precaution taken to prevent robbers entering. At certain intervals a watchman goes about jingling some bells on a pole to let the burglars know he is about and otherwise keep things in order. Besides these watchmen they have a regular corps of policemen who have duties outside the watchmen. The finest residences are now on the high bluff to the south. They have beautiful grounds and their landscape architecture is wonderful even for Japan. Most of them are wealthy and can afford every luxury of this generous country.

The Japanese themselves live in rather a crude fashion, a

few cents being sufficient to support them. I believe the average wage earned by the middle class is about 50 sen (25 cents gold). This was quite sufficient, until lately, when the war has raised the cost of living almost 100 per cent.

A native man can buy a very respectable outfit for himself for about \$2.00, which covers kimona, shoes, underbands, hat, etc.

The coolies do the most degrading work, things that we would hesitate to make a horse do. They haul huge loads of coal and lumber on their carts, coal ships by hand, in fact do everything by hand where we use machinery.

I cannot leave them for the day without saying something about their children which hobble about with the little wooden shoes, making a continual clatter on the paved streets.

The boys wear their hair short, which is quite stiff and black. They always have one little round place on the back of the head shaved clean, just like the Jap dolls we have at home. They, like all the rest, wear very little underclothing except a small band, but are generally covered by their kimonas. The babes are strapped to the backs of children and grown people alike and seem to kind of naturally fit on there, so the burden bearer goes about as though unconscious of anything attached to them.

The girls and women change very little except for the elaborate hair fixings of the women which has been so often described.

The men, especially the coolie class, have their heads shaved close.

Just one more thought and then I close. We are told that ninety per cent of the men of Japan went to bed drunk. This is not so. They do drink a great deal, but we have never seen a sign of intoxication anywhere. No drunkards and only a few beggars makes Japan a safe place for foreign travelers.

OCTOBER 12TH.

YOKOHAMA.

As I write these lines the entire British Asiatic squadron lies at anchor in the harbor. Magnificent specimens of war craft. These, together with a large part of the Japanese navy, and last, if not first, our own ship Wisconsin, makes up a fleet which is probably as formidable as any now assembled in the world. This fleet makes an attraction which has turned to-day into a gay holiday for Yokohama. So many people gathered from the country side makes me wonder if it is not a part of the government scheme to turn the thoughts of the middle class from the Peace treaty to that of the British alliance, something of less importance to them.

I am told that the government has not dared to give out the terms of the peace treaty as they have only recently quieted the people down, but it must be that a good many of them understand it.

Such things as government diplomacy with the people seems out of the question with us, yet with such an almost uncontrollable herd of men and women, who seem to know little more than beasts, it is absolutely necessary.

This afternoon we viewed the gaily decorated city from the temple of the hundred and one steps. It was a fine sight.

OCTOBER 13TH.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

To-day we have left the foreign settlement and have come up here to Tokio to see more of the real life of the Jap-

anese. The ride up here by rail is mostly along the shore of the bay, and as their fast trains hardly exceed the speed of our freight trains it gives one a good opportunity to see the beautiful country so luxuriously clothed by nature and now and then a glimpse of one of the gentry not so well clothed.

Tokio is en fete for the English sailors and the crowds with flags and lanterns turn this great city into a fair, and you would think the English very lords of creation, they being given privileges no other citizen can obtain.

Tokio is so much larger and laid out on so much broader a scheme it is impossible to comprehend it from our first glimpse. Its beautiful parks, palaces and other attractive buildings put a charm to it which is far beyond Yokohama, yet it has its poor districts where men strive like poor beasts all day and live in places little better.

As I write these notes I hear the sounds of the coolies loading the ships. It resembles very much the calls of a sick dog, yet they keep it up all day, so I know they are still alive.

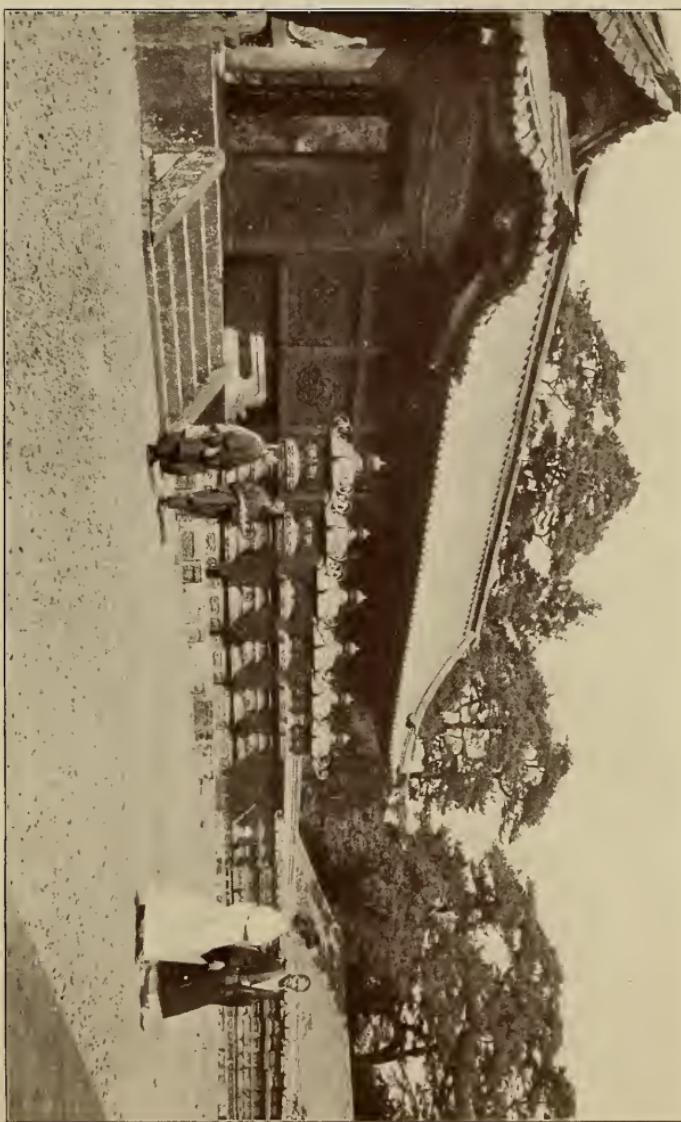
OCTOBER 14TH.

TOKIO.

The city of Tokio (old name Yeddo) is built around the Imperial palace. The streets do not take any form or order, but seem to have adapted themselves with the gradual growth of the city around the deep moat which surrounds the palace grounds, a circumference of about one and a half miles.

Besides the royal park within the palace grounds, Tokio has been generous to its people in the way of beautiful parks, such as Shiba, Uyena and Kudan, beautiful with rich foliage. The streets are fairly broad for an Eastern city, but as stated,

ONE OF THE SHIBA TEMPLES, TOKIO.



do not follow any one direction. Someone has called Tokio the Venice of Japan, but there is no reason for it. There are many canals running through the city, but as means of travel they could never take the place of the many good streets. Freight is poled up and down these canals in clumsy boats and they also make good drains, but outside this they are not beautiful nor attractive in any way.

Inside the parks are many temples and public buildings. The Shiba temple, or rather temples, for it is composed of eighteen different buildings, is one of the first points we visited. The temples of Shiba are dedicated to illustrious Shoguns. The best one being that of the second Shogun, and the reason for it is probably because he oversaw the work before his death. The temples proper are large clumsy affairs with huge eaves that come over the little galleries on the outside. This roof is supported by huge pillars, highly ornamented, and generally covered on the inside of the building with beautiful lacquer. You leave your shoes at the entrance and first enter a large room called the prayer room, which contains many little lacquer boxes, inside of which are the Buddhist prayers chanted by the priests. All the ceilings are elaborately covered with carvings in gold and colored lacquers. Most of the figures are hideous dragons or some other imaginary animal. Leading from these prayer rooms is a hallway up to the shrines which are on raised platforms several feet higher than the main floor. Inside these shrines are gaudy furniture of every description and ornamentation, a kind of junk shop for old furniture. All the floors are finely lacquered, but the matting is only taken off on certain holidays.

Back of the temples are the tombs of the Shoguns, while interspersed around the grounds are huge stone lanterns, many temples having several hundred.

There are hundreds of temples around Japan similar to this one, but having seen one we have seen them all.

I find I have failed to mention the ornamental trees and shrubbery which adds more beauty to these places than anything else. They have a way of cultivation which stunts a tree, some trees being hundreds of years old, yet not over a foot or two high.

We visited the American legation which was a quiet place for us and is nothing to compare with the gorgeous British Lion.

We then went to the school of foreign languages and saw the little wooden desks and benches where they sometimes sit for five or six long hours at a time.

Uyeno park museum was next on our list. This large building contained many things of interest to scholars in archaeology and natural history.

I cannot forget the ordinary barn yard cocks which had tails fifteen feet long. After a pleasant stop at a nearby tea house we visited a small diabutsu statue, an industrial exhibition, and last the zoological gardens, which are fair, but not any larger than our own Lincoln Park, except in local specimens.

The park itself is full of huge cherry trees, which must give a glorious burst of flowers in season.

About noon we were a little shaken up by an earthquake which did no damage.

OCTOBER 15TH.

YOKOHAMA.

To-day has been a quiet one and as our return route from Tokio was the same there was little to add that was of interest. It seems a pity that the Japanese cannot find one day of rest each week, but every day is alike to them, one of busy toil. It is true they have their festivals and holidays, but that is

not enough. A great portion of them are atheist, having drifted away from Shintoism and Buddhism and not being ready to take up Christianity it leaves them without a base. You would not blame these poor chiludren for not being Christians if you knew their teachers over here.

OCTOBER 16TH.

YOKOHAMA.

To-day has not been a pleasant day so we are preparing for our journey up towards Mount Fuji, which brings us nearer to the heart of the Japanese, and where we must fall back on our very brief vocabulary.

I believe the Japanese language, as well as Chinese, is the most unpronounceable of any on earth. They ignore any set of rules and you simply have to learn to say each word by itself the same as they learn their characters, which means instead of a child learning 26 letters he must learn many thousand.

OCTOBER 17TH.

MIYANOSHITA, JAPAN.

If you should see a map of that part of Japan around Fuji mountain (the great sacred mountain of Japan) you would notice that the mountain itself has no immediate attached peak. She stands supreme, overtowering, overlooking and alone. The great watch tower of the Japanese, her head raised 12,365 feet above the sea. Never was there a peak

more symmetrical from its base of dark green to the tip of pure white snow. The most beautiful mountain in all the world.

Around Fuji within a distance of ten to twelve miles are a range of lesser peaks and hills like a setting of lesser stones around some great gem. In amongst these wooded hills, sparkling with crystal water falls, clear streams, and dense foliage, lies Miyanoshita.

We left Yokohama by morning train and came as far as Kodzu, then a train or trolley brought us up through the little villages and foothills to Yumoti. After a brief Tiffin we took our rickshas and two men each for our trip up the valley. It is a long hard climb, for this place is about 1,400 feet above Kodzu. The road is pretty as it clings to the side of the hill twisting and turning ever upward till we land at Fujiya Hotel. One of the professors of Tokio had told me it was the best hotel in Japan. As far as service goes it is the best we have found, but it is not so much the hotel as its beautiful surroundings. The hotel sets up on a hillside, while high up back of it comes a great stream of water. This first goes into a large artificial natatorium; from here the stream divides into two cascades pouring down over the rocks to a large basin just at the back of the hotel; from here it again goes on to a fountain in the pretty garden at the front. Each little pool, clear as air, swarms with gold fish. It is a poor soul whose eyes cannot respond to such an extravagant creation. No camera or brush can copy it. It is in the very atmosphere itself rising all around you from the great hills to the little flowers by the path. I pity the poor fools who can find pleasure in coming to such a place to drink whisky and play pool. "They have eyes, but they see not." Besides all this are the hot sulphur baths to drive away your body ills. It is by far the best place we have found in Japan.

OCTOBER 18TH AND 19TH.

MIYANOSHITA, JAPAN.

Our stay in this little village of the hills has been prolonged by bad weather. Yesterday was too disagreeable to stir out of doors. This afternoon the rain stopped, so we set off on a tramp around the valley through muddy roads and paths. Such scenery well rewards a little dampness, and it is only afoot that one can appreciate such grandeur. A train is too swift for a good study. The streams around here which fling themselves in cascades and roaring rapids are not mere surface waters, but mostly heated sulphur water, which is found in places at almost boiling point. In such places as "Big Hell" the vegetation is scarce, but that is farther on. Our way up the valley was close beside the river, but coming back on the other side we had to climb up about a thousand feet above it. The path was dug out from a steep hill which made our view the more grand. We looked down towards the valley on what at first seemed to be a squirrel on a log, but later proved to be a man crossing a bridge, so far was he away. The guide books call it an hour and a quarter walk, but it was worth all the three that we spent on it.

To-morrow we go on further into the mountains.

OCTOBER 20TH.

KOWAKIDANI, JAPAN.

This place is perhaps more properly known as Kojigoku or "Little Hell," but up to this hour the outside temperature represents anything but a warm place. The place itself is

not even a hamlet, having nothing but two Japanese hotels which are noted for their hot baths. The mineral water is brought through bamboo pipes down the hill where it is cooled down to a temperature of about 105° and then used for the baths. This is really very hot, but for some reason it acts contrary to all rules of health. There is nothing weakening about it; in fact, I found it rather stimulating. After coming out of the bath you put on your Japanese clothes, which consists of a cotton kimona, and sit around as comfortable as though you had on your winter overcoat.

The hotel is hardly patronized by Europeans, about one or two a month, but we have little trouble in making known our wants.

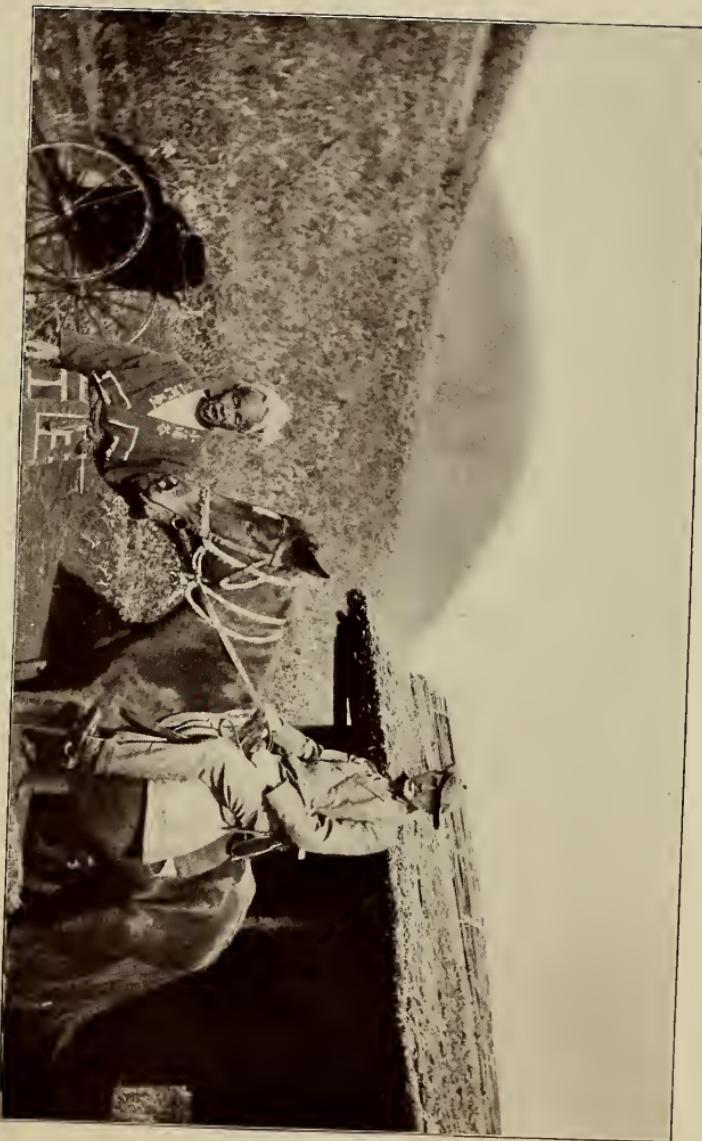
OCTOBER 21ST.

KOWAKIDANI.

To-day for the first time in four days it has stopped raining. We push back the slides of our little paper house and there down before us stretches the valley for twenty miles, and ever the water falls and rivulets play as a perfect orchestra to this grand stage.

Our morning trip is to Ojigoku or "Big Hell." The place is rather high up, but is as near to the real place as I ever care to be. There are many sizzling springs which pour out boiling water and steam, and in places the rocks themselves are so very hot it would seem as though they would melt. It is dangerous to leave your guide, for a number have already lost their lives in the hot slime. The Maker has put a thin crust on our earth in some places, and this is one. I wonder if the frequent small earthquakes which we have do not have some connection with this region. This afternoon I climbed high

ON THE ROAD TO LAKE HAKONE, JAPAN.



up one of the hills. What a fine view I had. On one side I looked way out over to the ocean breaking on the shore; the other way clear up over the hills to Fuji, a distance each direction of thirty miles. Down in the valley were the houses and people like little insects crawling about. How small are we in such a universe.

OCTOBER 22ND.

KOWAKIDANI.

Sunday and no church.

We took horse back and ricksha to Hakone Lake which is set into the hills like a sapphire. It is about 2,400 feet above the sea and is known as one of Japan's prime beauties. My supply of adjectives have all been worn out, and I can simply say it belongs in this charming region.

Fuji shows up back of it and sometimes reflects her face in its clear water.

My little long-haired pony allows me to snap every pretty scene and after a light tiffin we are back home again to our hot baths and charming girls.

OCTOBER 23RD.

YOKOHAMA.

To-day has been a wonderful one for travel. We left our mountain hotel bright and early. My little horse of the day before carrying me. N—— rides in a chair borne by four stalwart coolies and one other to carry our bag, makes quite

a caravan as we trot up out of the valley. Back over the road of yesterday to Hakone, then leaving the good road we take a little mountain path for ten miles. Sometimes up through the brush to the height of a thousand feet, now bending back and forth on some ridge, always up and down. I have read Stewart White's book "The Mountain" and how the western mustang jumps from rock to rock where it would seem impossible to go, but I defy any American mustang to excel in tricks of mountain climbing of my little Japanese mare. Often she had to literally stand on her hind feet and place her front a good six feet ahead to get her footing. Never a slip or a stumble, for if once she struck a loose stone it might have turned her and me a thousand feet over the cliffs. It made me proud of her before the day was done, really the first Japanese maiden I have learned to love. It was after three when we struck Atami by the sea and they told us there was no way out, but we at last hired a special car on the railroad. It is such a queer railroad. I cannot help pausing to describe it. There are little cars with two seats just large enough for four people. The motive power is three stalwart coolies who run along beside the car to keep it in motion. Frequently we would come to a down grade and then all slide on a wild "chute the chutes." A little horn warned the trespassers of our coming, but once a poor woodman was hauling some sticks on the road when we crashed into him knocking me to the bottom of the car. We jumped out to find one of the men was badly laid out. I administered a little whisky to him, which brought him back to life, for which they all seemed quite grateful to us. With our smashed car we again proceeded on our wild journey. After a hurried ricksha ride to Kodzu, where we took our first meal consisting of ham sandwiches, we caught the late train for Yokohama, arriving once more in comfort and civilization. It was a hard one day's trip, but was full of interest and excitement from start to finish.

OCTOBER 24TH.

YOKOHAMA.

It has been a day of rest after our strenuous jaunts of yesterday. Time to read and re-read the good messages from home. These bright pages that come are worth more than their senders can realize to us exiles, 8,000 miles from home.

OCTOBER 25TH.

TOKIO.

Back again in Tokio. We find that owing to the reception given to Admiral Togo and other gallant tars the town is rather crowded. These good natured officers deserve all the praise and honor that can be given them.

They have a peculiar custom over here of honoring their dead soldiers and sailors. When they have met death through some gallant act for their country they are promoted, sometimes several ranks above the position they held before death. Too bad they cannot enjoy the glory, but they probably would be a long time getting it if they lived.

OCTOBER 26TH.

TOKIO.

In my notes of the last few days I have said nothing of the doings of the Japanese. These are wonderful days for them. The "little boy" has risen up from his victory over the big

bully and is throwing out his chest to the world to say "See what I have done." Great have been their victories, now great their rejoicing.

To-day there has hardly been a woodshed or hut of any kind in Tokio but what is gay with flags, streamers and lanterns. Great immense arches span the streets. Fire works are going off in the parks. Marching bands of citizen's children with music. All hailing with one loud Benzai to Togo, his brave sailors and a few straggling companies of infantry that have returned from the front. Like Dewey at Manila, Togo is this country's pride.

The low murmurs of the lower classes at the Peace Treaty have been forgotten.

Britannia is on hand to pat the proud Japs on the back with her great naval fleet, but she needs no assistance in that line. Japan knows how to boast as well as to fight.

On Monday last the Emperor witnessed a grand naval review in Yokohama harbor composed of almost the entire Japanese navy, about 150 vessels, including a large number captured and refloated ones of Russia. I did not see the review, but saw the vessels, and it was surely a fleet fit for anything. Away inside all the rest, with her white and yellow showing above all, was our gallant "Wisconsin."

To-day was spent at the American legation and Kwannon Temple. The park which surrounds the temple is given up to sports for the lower classes. A gay place for them during these festivities.

OCTOBER 27TH.

NIKKO, JAPAN.

All guide books of Japan start their description of Nikko by saying "Nikko's is a double glory—a glory of nature and a glory of art." The glory of nature is all here, but that of



"KIRIFURI NO TAKI"
MIST FALLING CASCADE NEAR NIKKO, JAPAN.

art is yet to be seen. The railroad from Uyeno station up here runs through a rather monotonous agricultural district until reaching the branch line which runs up into the mountains. Here you find hills and waterways such as we saw at Hakone, and quite as pretty. Close alongside the railroad is a road built in the 17th century for the pilgrims to Nikko from the southern part of Japan. The road itself is quite ordinary, but for many miles on each side are the giant cryptomerian trees making a beautiful path where one should always find his way. They have several fur shops here which offer exceptional bargains in their line. Furs can be bought for about half what they are in the United States. Besides these are the many curio shops to tempt the travelers.

OCTOBER 28TH.

NIKKO.

To-day we have seen that which has for so long made Nikko a place of interest as well for foreigners as Japanese. The great Temples, Shrines, and all the other paraphernalia that goes with them. Even the crafty priests who delight to see the good foreigners' shekels jingling on the shrines.

It does not seem possible that they can take their religion seriously when they will not only show you into all their sacred places, but will even go through some of their religious forms for money.

The first temple, and the largest, is the Sanbutso-do, "the Hall of the Three Gilded Buddhas." Its general appearance is quite similar to the Shiba temple, formerly described, except for its hugeness. Close to this is the great gong which tolls the hours, also the bronze column to keep away evil influences. The temple of Futara and the mausoleum of Iemitsu are the

most lavish as far as their decorations are concerned. To describe their art is to simply say they are a conglomerate mass of grotesque images and animals, together with some really artistic lacquer panels. They are all done so wonderfully and with so much care that one cannot help but admire them. The mausoleum of Jeyasu is far superior to that of Iemitsu, although Iemitsu (the grandson) was head and shoulders over his ancestor.

This temple sight-seeing is something like the cathedrals. If you are interested and have studied about them you will have lots to enjoy, but the splendor of Nikko to me is entirely of nature. Just at present quite a few of the temples are being relacquered and overhauled which does not put them in a good light. (This is necessary every twenty years.)

Our way this afternoon was over rather rough ground. In some places it was necessary to carry the ricksha around huge boulders. It was to the cascade of Kirifuri, a beautiful body of clear water with a drop of sixty feet. Well worth the rough trip.

OCTOBER 29TH.

NIKKO.

The Japanese say you must not use the word "Kekko" (magnificent) until you have seen Nikko, but the word more properly belongs to Lake Chuzenji than Nikko. Up through the water courses which ever roar in anger at man's intrusion; up stony cliffs all for eight miles. It is a hard ride for a pony, but harder for the rickshas. This is almost the wildest part of Japan. There is game of all kinds in the woods, including many huge monkeys. It is for this reason that furs are so cheap. But it was the lake we came to see and not the monkeys—lucky for us. As usual, the lake was

set in between the high hills as clear and dark a blue as I ever saw. Around its shores reaching up on the hillside is the gorgeous foliage. More beautiful now with its autumn colors than at any other time of the year. We are more than lucky to be here at just this season; not too cold, yet cold enough to paint the foliage as no man can paint, or ever will paint.

The lake is 4,375 feet above the sea, a little above the common lakes. Along the road are many tea houses where the coolie boys can rest as well as we. It is quite agreeable to stop after an hour or so of such rough voyaging. But grand sights demand some exertion and who counts the cost when he sees Lake Chuzenji.

OCTOBER 30TH.

NIKKO.

The readers of these pages may have grown tired of the lavish enthusiasm which I have felt over these natural beauties of this country. In many ways nature is more generous to Japan than America; yet, perhaps, if we would stop a little in our mad rush we would see many more beauties that we had passed by every day without a thought. Yet no one can be disappointed who comes looking for them here, even the people and children add a certain charm to each new scene, and I can only hope that those who read these lines will some day see for themselves.

We went to a waterfall this afternoon (Urami) and it is as beautiful as the rest. They call it an hour's walk out, but it is a good four miles, all up hill, and four miles anyway is too much for us frail creatures.

To-morrow we are off for the wilderness and shall miss our good hotels.

OCTOBER 31ST.

ASHIO, JAPAN.

I am writing this letter on a little table just six inches from the floor, beside this there is a charcoal brazer and tea-pot. This is all the furniture of our present bed-room, dining-room and parlor. Since I have started to write they have produced from some mysterious corner about twenty or thirty quilts which they have laid on the floor making our two beds. With the usual paper slides around us this makes up our Japanese room for the night as near their mode of living as we expect to enjoy.

This morning with ricksha and pony (our usual mountain conveyances) we climbed up the valley from Nikko through Hosoo-o-Pass (4,100 feet) striking the headwaters of the Watarase-gawa. The large copper mines which are at Ashio, although a private company, have been granted government concessions by which they control this entire region. Each way stretches huge cables, small tram tracks and buildings. They run from Nikko clear down the valley of the Watarase-gawa. In some places they have cleared the whole mountain side of trees for charcoal. But nature will assert itself and beautiful trees and water falls will keep safe for some time the pleasure of the nature lover.

We were fortunate in being able to go through the main works of Ashio. To show you what a gigantic enterprise it is, I would note that they employ about 20,000 people in the three mines. They have a large hospital, school, amusement hall, etc. In fact, they virtually control the entire region.

We followed the copper from the place where the crude rock was brought out of the mine until the pure burning



SCHOOL GIRLS, AT NIKKO, JAPAN.

liquid was poured forth in fiery torrents into the moulds. A wonderful process. They use a large number of modern machines in their washing, etc., but still find human hands cheaper in many places than machines.

In all these mines produce about 7,000 tons a year and are the largest in the East.

My maid and hot bath await me, so I close these lines to follow her to the common tub.

NOVEMBER 1ST.

IKAO, JAPAN.

We are fortunate in having weather that is clear during this rough mountain voyage, and with a good early start we shake off the hundreds of little folk who have gathered around to see such curious people from another world. Again down the valley of the Watarase-gawa, which we follow all day. It is such a wonderfully wild and noisy stream. Our road winding over it shows its every bend and every fall which mingles with dashing spray amongst the huge rocks. More beautiful from our road as the trees fringe a net work of lace on each side. And such trees with the gold and crimson leaves of fall. But enough said. With a last mad rush of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles in twenty minutes which nearly killed our poor coolies we reached Omawa in time to catch the train for Mayebashi.

Here we came into rather too close a touch with the common people when we entered a little tram car which was packed, for our journey of over two hours. Not at all pleasant. The Japanese have a proverb "that you must not see, hear, nor smell." They put this in three monkeys on the temples at Nikko and elsewhere. I sometimes think the

saying was intended for foreigners as the Japanese smells are the worst I have ever come across. As we journey along up from Shibakawa by ricksha in the cool, dark night to this semi Japanese hotel, I must tell of another one of their peculiarities. They have no fear of snakes, bugs, rats or anything like that which we abhor. It must be that having so many of these things around them they become accustomed to them the same as their frightful smells.

About nine o'clock we reached here, tired and very hungry, having lost the scenery coming up but shall regain it on going down.

IKAO is pronounced so peculiar I put down, A'cow.

NOVEMBER 2ND.

IKAO.

It has been a rather restful day with short jaunts in the woody hills. Ikao is noted for its hot baths, like Myanoshita, yet I believe the water has better properties than there. This is not the right season, but in summer these great barn like hotels are full of people. They pour up to these mountains to cool off, the same as we go to our northern resorts.

As the opening of the Japanese story Namiko, though somewhat sentimental, gives the same picture we gaze out upon, I cannot help but copy it.

"In the evening of that day the far away hills of Nikko and Ashio and those on the borders of Echigo, as well as the nearer peaks of Ooko Komochi and Akogai were glorious in the rays of the sinking sun. Even the cawing of the crows flying from a tree just beneath seemed to be toned with gold as two fragments of cloud floated out from behind Akagi. The downy clouds not larger than could be embraced with both

arms, slowly separated from the summit and glittering like two golden butterflies sailed on side by side toward Ashio through the boundless mid air. Presently the hills and skies were shrouded in darkness."

NOVEMBER 3RD.

TOKIO.

This was the Emperor's birthday and is as much a national holiday as our Fourth of July. If the people do not have a deep and sincere religious feeling they have a reverence of their emperor and military heroes to take the place of it, and in whom they worship as a very god. You speak to a Japanese of his Emperor and he is at once all attention, and smiles with much pride as he talks of him.

To-day has been spent enroute. A six mile walk to Shiba-kawa Tram then Mayebashi and a five hours' railway journey landed us again in Tokio. The trains are very slow; they do not average eighteen miles an hour.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

TOKIO AND YOKOHAMA.

Tokio has wept all day which made sight seeing out of the question if we had been in a mood. The guide book recommends Kwankoba bazaar, which is like recommending a stranger to our Fair store. Things are very cheap, even at the price to us.

We took train at Shinbashi and came flying to Yokohama where we found a nice lot of letters.

NOVEMBER 5TH.

YOYOHAMA.

Back in our old hotel, seems somewhat homelike, yet there is "no place like home." Church and a quiet day. Witnessed a rowing contest on the Bund between Japanese men-of-war boats. They row like farmers, but sculling is more in their line.

Regret missing the reception given Admiral Togo by Secretary Griscom.

NOVEMBER 6TH.

YOKOHAMA.

This has been a day of rest, indeed, and no pleasanter sights than the clean streets and pretty harbor of Yokohama to look at. There is scarcely an hour when some great ocean vessel is not coming or going out on their long journeys to the ports of the world. Great huge monsters that carry tons of freight and hundreds of people.

NOVEMBER 7TH.

YOKOHAMA.

It has been quite cool lately and frosts have come 30 days earlier than usual, which is rather hard on the poor farmers. This afternoon we went through the caves of Totsuka, a little outside of the city. They are cut out of the soft rock and run for long distances under a bluff.

Our guide, a boy about 3 feet high, with his little lantern, showed us all the wonderful carvings with which the walls are lined, explaining at the same time, in a loud voice, the meaning of each, but as his language was a little beyond us it was more an amusement than an education. The soldiers are being brought back by the train loads and do not look as though they had suffered any great hardships.

NOVEMBER 8TH.

YOKOHAMA.

Shopping and calling. We are fast becoming acquainted with the city with its intricate lanes and streets. Very few streets have sidewalks, so it is the universal custom to walk in the street.

NOVEMBER 9TH.

YOKOHAMA.

These fall days are so much like our Indian Summer—cool nights and bright days. The Japanese have begun to wear their thick, padded kimonas, and hug around their little charcoal brazers. They would all die if the weather should ever take a turn such as we have at home.

NOVEMBER 10TH.

YOKOHAMA.

This afternoon after striking a bargain with the ricksha men we went off along the sea-shore. The coolie class have

no scruples to cheat you if they can, and it is a good game to find foreigners who know little of their language and little of their ways and then calmly "do them." I am thankful that I have passed through the tenderfoot stage so successfully and that I can now lend a helping hand or word for my friends. A coolie values one yen which he beats you out of more than ten he really earns.

NOVEMBER 11TH.

YOKOHAMA.

This was Race Day, not human race, but horse race. All the gay folk of the settlement were there and a large assortment of natives in the back ground, or rather flocked together on the hillside. Just to see a lot of little ponies gallop carefully around a big track. It takes so little to amuse, yet the betting adds some spice and gives the bookkeepers enough to buy as many bottles of champagne as their foolish heads will stand.

The rickshas go flying by on a certain street the same as the handsome carriages used to prance down Michigan Avenue on Derby Day.

As we came along back a ricksha man knocked a small boy down and partly ran over him. He (the boy) cried, more from fright than hurt, whereupon his mother viciously slapped him over the head, which is quite contrary to some American mothers or grandmothers, I am thankful to say. Perhaps such treatment makes such good soldiers of them. So many of the poor little creatures have such sores, or rather a kind of eczema, that they are not nice to look at and which leaves them in after life with some weakness of eyes or limbs.

Science must yet penetrate into the poorer classes of Japan before they are fit for the struggles of life.

NOVEMBER 12TH.

YOKOHAMA.

As everything is English here in the settlement the churches likewise so (and rather high). It is peculiar to hear the wedding bans read out and it seems would be embarrassing to a blushing bride if any one should make a stir in church. But they are probably sure of their ground after they have been read three times.

NOVEMBER 13TH AND 14TH.

YOKOHAMA.

To-day and yesterday the Russian prisoners are being put on board the transport which is to carry them home. A little over two thousand, which is a small part of the prisoners held by Japan, and yet a smaller part of that great army which was to drive out the Japanese from Manchuria, out of Korea, sweep them from the sea and march a victorious and triumphant army "to eat Christmas dinner in Tokio." Yet what a contrast. Here are huddled a lot of rough, ragged men, with sad faces, surrounded by the jeering, ever smiling Japs. They are the flotsam which has been cast aside from that torrent of warfare, to lie idly by while their brothers dash on, some to death and other to float on to pools of quietude. And to carry the figure a little farther, there are few amongst them who would feign mingle again with that dash and roar which is being enacted at home. Out of the 70,000 prisoners held by Japan

12,000 have applied for citizenship to this country. What other nation would have sons on a foreign soil who would lose their love of country in such a fashion. I hope America never.

The officers, who still have their bright uniforms and gilded trappings, are as proud as ever. Yet in even them ignorance shows in their faces as well as the common soldier. The great question has been asked so often "How did the Russians come to be beaten?" and though my answer may be plagiary on some one I put it down without a copy before me.

Japan was thoroughly prepared in maps, munitions and supplies. She was within such convenient distance of her base. She had an army of men who were trained to the minute, and last, if not first, her men and officers were as loyal to their emperor and mother country as it is ever possible for a son to be to a mother. I speak only from Japan's side, and in almost all of these things was Russia lacking. So she (Russia) went down and out so far as her control in the East is concerned.

I was able to snap a few of the prisoners with my camera, which I trust will prove what I say.

This afternoon we again rode out to the Plains of Heaven and back again to our home mail.

The ship Dakota, which brought us over, is now here on her homeward journey. Question: Shall we go back with her?

NOVEMBER 15TH.

YOKOHAMA.

I walked out along the shores of Mississippi Bay to the place where Perry landed. It is wonderful how many people are engaged in fishing. The boats with their nets strung up over the mast to dry line the shore for a mile or so.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR HOME.



Going out on to the shore to gather shells, I walked through a little graveyard. You wonder how they can put so many bodies in such a small space, but it is a part of their Buddhist religion to bury the body sitting, or with the knees drawn up close to the breast and the head pushed forward as near as possible to the position of the infant before birth. In this way they can make over two graves where we would have one.

NOVEMBER 16TH.

YOKOHAMA.

We climbed the hill outside the town which commands Tokio Bay towards the Pacific, and for this reason must be one of the points of strategy in the Japanese army, which are quite numerous.

We watched the ship Dakota for an hour or two after she had sailed. We shall miss some of our friends who came over with us, especially the James party, who is vice president of the company.

Our invitation to the Imperial garden party has arrived. It begins like this: "You are commanded by the Emperor and Empress to attend, etc." So if we should disobey the orders of such a high court we would probably have our heads cut off. Such is the Imperial subpoena and we shall obey.

NOVEMBER 17TH.

YOKOHAMA.

The day of the garden party has arrived so long awaited by us and others like us, who are to push on their journey. For nine years the secluded spot (the palace grounds of Tokio)

have been thrown open to a select number each year, but to-day of all days, it pours and no garden party. Hundreds of bottles of champagne iced and ready to serve, hundreds of beautiful gowns, hundreds of visitors looking forward to a royal audience; all the beautiful flowers and everything is *spoiled*. As a consolation we dine with our minister, Mr. and Mrs. Griscom, who is to sail for home the 19th. He is a very young man for so important a position, about 35 years, but has a very able corps around him, and from all accounts fills his position with tact and ability. It seems strange that a great government like ours cannot give its ministers a decent salary. They all spend much more than their salary, and sometimes twice as much. The more one sees of our foreign policy the weaker we seem, more especially when we match ourselves with England, who controls as she will here in Japan, and I feel sure we will regret it some day; but, on the other hand, our own resources are so large and require such time for development. The point is, we opened this country to foreign trade, now why do we not get the lion's share? But we do not.

NOVEMBER 18TH.

YOKOHAMA.

Our invitations to the garden party allow us to go through the grounds. So our way lies up to Tokio across the city, and with our little red cards we pass through the carefully guarded gate and so on through all the immense grounds, with a soldier standing at salute every few feet. The grounds themselves are very beautiful and extensive, but are not so extraordinary unless it be in the care which is shown on them. They are what you might call the artificial natural landscape gardening, if you can imagine what that is, and which is truly characteristic of the Japanese. Here and there a little lake or streamlet

set round with trees and shrubbery. The path winds through rocky glens, over bridges and beside little tea houses, all in a very artistic manner. The chrysanthemums, which the poor gardeners have been sitting up nights with and watching with such care, are scattered around in different places throughout the grounds. They are placed or banked in rows under screens or sheds, each flower or bed as symmetrical and evenly grown like a regiment of soldiers in line. They had some wonderful specimens. One plant carried 983 blossoms and was made to take the shape of a huge toad stool, being fourteen feet across and half as many deep.

There are many other shapes with large numbers of blossoms. Besides this was some beautiful specimens of grafting plants growing a dozen different kinds of flowers and as many colors, from the size of a little daisy to the huge cabbage heads.

A large number of the nobility were there, but we were unable to recognize them, except Admiral Togo, who came out as we went in. The Imperial Court always appear in European dress, but very few of Japanese outside the army and navy wore anything different than they always do.

Back to Yokohama and now a night trip to Kobe.

NOVEMBER 19TH.

KOBE, JAPAN.

Our sleeping compartment of last night was not as roomy as we have at home, yet the berths were more comfortable. There are a dozen compartments opening up from a little aisle which may be made into four berths running across the car. Although we engaged our berths three days ahead we found them sold. A kind American gave N. his, and a Japanese count, after learning of our "distinguished" acquaintance with our minister, etc., insisted on our taking his berth without

compensation. With the electric light keeping careful guide over my eyes, they did not find rest till early morn. About one o'clock we stopped and were serenaded by a chorus of girls, or rather, I believe, the count was.

The girls are trained to sing together in school, and although we could not understand the words, the music sounded very beautiful out in the night.

Kobe is a great shipping port with little of interest outside its trading enterprises.

The town has a small plague which has sprung up amongst the lower classes, so you smell their strong disinfectants everywhere.

NOVEMBER 20TH.

KOBE.

Went to visit the Diabutsu at Hyogo, which is south, adjacent to Kobe. The day was evidently bargain day, for street and shop were crowded. The guide mentions as one of the sights of Kobe the Nunobiki water-fall, but although the fall is all there, there is little water above and none below.

NOVEMBER 21ST.

KOBE.

We climbed up back of the foreign settlement, amongst a grove of cryptomerias, looked down on the whole city and sea port. Kobe, like so many of their coast towns, is pushed out close to the ocean by the high hills or mountains. The guide book does not mention this particular spot, but it is the most attractive view and place around here.

NOVEMBER 22ND.

TAKAHARA, JAPAN.

Having just returned from the police station, I am not in a very amiable mood to write these notes, yet it is an experience which belongs to our trip. We have been told so much of the beauties of the Inland Sea and of the impossibility of seeing from the large steamers, that we decided to take a small coasting steamer entirely Japanese. So with well provisioned basket we set out last evening. The traveling was much better than on the sleeping car and as clean as any one would want. The boat traveled close up to the shore, which is as beautiful as can be. Great peaks run close to the sandy beach, little islands dotting out here and there, while the white sails against the dark blue water made as pretty a picture as one would wish to see. About 10 o'clock we were landed in sampans at Taka-hara port. Having nothing to do but see the sights and two hours to await the return boat, we set out to see the sights and take a few pictures. We had not gone far and had taken two very ordinary views when we were overtaken by a common policeman who commanded that we accompany him back to town and there await his superior officer. His superior officer arrived, who explained, by signs, our camera was the mischief. We tore our films out, but that would not do. After two or three other high moguls had arrived, and we had seen our steamer come and go, we were hauled off to the high prefecture of police, put in a room to await our examination. It was anything but an agreeable situation, as there was only one who could speak English at all, and he very little. We were put through our catechism from "A" to "Z," and after it was all over I doubt if they knew very much, but what seemed to puzzle them most was that they could not see the pictures on the

undeveloped films. At last we were let go and are landed here in a Japanese inn to await our steamer of to-morrow. Some people would make a fuss about this, but as the inconvenience is small, we will let it pass. But it seems foolish, with all our royal permits, tickets, etc., that they should take us for spies. I only wish I had the head man home for about five minutes.

NOVEMBER 23RD.

ON BOARD S. S. "KANAGAWA MARU."

We have realized more than before that if you would see to the heart the great natural beauties of Japan, you must spend considerable energy and be prepared to undergo a good many annoyances and inconveniences, more especially as you are thrown amongst strangers who know less of English than you do of Japanese.

From the time a child is six until he is ten, he is sent under compulsion to the common school, where he is taught the characters, reading, writing, a little geography and a little arithmetic. Few ever advance beyond this line. They have normal schools where a little English is taught, history and a more finished education, but this is not compulsory, and as there is a fee of about 20 cents a month the great horde of people never reach that stage.

Last night after I finished my notes we were visited by a large delegation, ten of whom were school teachers in the primary schools, and some of whom spoke a little English.

Picture, if you can, a room whose walls were mostly paper slides, matting on the floor, a few stray cushions, we kneeling to a row of twelve Japanese. Our hostess slipping around with her tea-pot, we telling of our curious customs, showing our strange utensils of toilet and drawing pictures of explana-

A KAGO FOR MOUNTAIN ROADS.



tion through a whole evening. A very interesting and amusing evening.

I will not tire you with an account of seeing the town. Suffice it to say, that Takahara is a little washed-out town by the sea, and, like some fruit upon a tree, more attractive there than when you have it in hand. But I should not condemn it as a place of economy, for our entire bill for board, lodging and entertainment was 50 cents for one whole day. I was ashamed to pay the bill and insisted on doubling.

My beginning of this day has been slightly side-tracked, so I go back to that rather discouraging part, or rather place, where we shook off the dust of that town and climbed on board of a very small, dirty and crowded steamer, but the sun shines bright and if you can lose yourself amongst the ever changing hills and islands you are safe. There is one picture which sprang up at sunset that I do not think I shall ever forget. I paint it as best I can. A foreground of a sparkling golden sea, scattered with a few white sails, high up back from this sea stand the ever frowning rugged cliffs, a sky whose every cloud is put and shaped as though our Great Almighty Artist had planned the scene and in just a little cleft of the hills rested the giant sun, whose golden gleams stretched out to every limit of the horizon like mighty arms stretched over to protect the people of Nippon.

Such a sunset Turner never dreamt of, and much less, ever painted. It was worth the whole trip.

Our beds were already filled, so we made the best of it trying to lie on a bench about six inches wide in a dirty mess room, with our friends, the roaches, calling hourly.

“And sleep stole on
As sleep will do
When hearts are light
And lives are new.”

NOVEMBER 24TH.

OSAKA, JAPAN.

We landed at Osaka, which is laid out on a plan much like London in the respect that it is rather large, its finest buildings (which are the most modern we have seen in Japan) lie close along the river, which, like the Thames, ever rises and falls to the level of the sea tides.

It is an hour's ride from Osaka to Kyoto, which is another large city. Before taking you into the city I stop to correct an idea regarding the farming which I have written of before.

They do use plows and a single bull around here for cultivating the ground, but it is the first place I have seen any beast of burden in the field (beside the women).

Osaka is in an uproar of excitement, for all the war heroes are about to gather around to hear their glories sung amidst banners and lanterns and to march beneath huge evergreen arches. All this for having fought and won.

The common people work so hard to make a show for just one day. It makes you wonder why, until you know them. It is their nature to show their appreciation in this way, and as I said before, the war heroes are their gods.

Osaka has large cloisomie shops and factories, but charge more than they do in other places.

NOVEMBER 25TH.

KYOTO, JAPAN.

Kyoto is crowded to its utmost with such a howling mob of holiday seekers that you would think the whole of Japan had assembled to honor Togo and his fellow heroes. On setting

out we beat against this giant human stream, who in all good nature shouted "Benzai" to us as though we were the ones to be cheered. One who has faced such a mob must realize the awful power that passion may turn them to, a power, once inflamed, like so much dynamite.

The Mikado's palace and Nijo palace, which may only be seen by royal permission, are great barn-like structures inside huge walls. There is nothing inside of them and the only sight at all of interest is the very gorgeous paintings on the walls and slides, especially in the latter.

In some places the lacquer is excellent, as well as the bronze metal castings. Some might be interested to see where so many mikados have sat, slept and prayed, but to me it was nothing but a series of vast empty rooms and would make a fine hay shed if put in the right place.

Our afternoon was of more interest. In turn we visited Imperial Museum, Hiyoshifinja Temple, Diabutsu—58 feet high, Higashi, Hongroanji and Chion Monastery.

Chief of interest was the last, which is a very huge temple. The entrance gate is a two-storied structure 8 feet by 38 feet. There is but one large room, 167 by 138 feet. In this huge room you look upon such a display of gold and candle-lighted shrines as we have not seen before; such a mass of gilded flowers, streamers, etc., that would make a Christmas tree glow with pride.

I must not forget the animals who are given a pleasant park all to themselves and fit into their surroundings as though they had always lived there.

NOVEMBER 26TH.

KYOTO.

As I read back over a day or two there seems to be a lack of smack to the words I find there. In this I must remind

my readers that most of these notes are written after busy days afoot and otherwise, sometimes rushing about as only we Americans can, so with all this the brain must lack a certain agility of the early morning. All I can do is to humbly lay these poor words at the feet of those kind friends who are in all things kind and charitable.

If you could only step out into this bright world of flowers and sunshine when you must be shivering, even in your heated homes; see the birds in glad delight flying here and there; the wooded hills; the children playing in the streets, and the peddler calling his wares. All this is Japan of to-day, and in such things we poor Chicagoans must take off our hats to her.

We listened to Professor Coleman relate to his congregation how for thirty years he has labored as missionary and teacher here in Kyoto. What great difficulties they have had in bringing the Doshisha School up to its present standing. I could not help but think as he spoke of the great changes which had come about in thirty years, what a change must come over Japan after this war. Civilization must come in. She is coming in very fast, with all the modern sciences showing great treasures to the humble people. Let us hope that as civilization does come and also through Japan to Korea and China, that she will leave behind some of our vices and spread on this land a few virtues, for she (Japan) has vices enough already.

We found the excitement of yesterday somewhat abated and the shop keepers doing business in every street.

In one place were collected 50,000 school children singing in honor of Togo. What a flock together, and if each mother's heart was there, too, how many would that make? They (the children) love to sing, and they love to march. There are no laggards, and as the boys keep step with their feet, so the girls keep time with their voices.

NOVEMBER 27TH.

KYOTO.

Lake Biwa is the largest fresh water lake in Japan, 32 by 12 miles. It is not so much the lake itself, but the beauty of its surroundings, which gives to it its charm.

You ride up-hill almost all the way, running through dirty little villages until you reach Otsu. Just before you enter the town you pass a ridge which used to be the boundary line for foreigners to Kyoto, and about which a Japanese poet wrote:

"Kore ga kono
Yuku mo kaeru mo
Wakarete wa
Shiru mo shiranu Mo
Au saka noseki."

"The stranger here from distant lands
The friend his home bound friend may greet
For on this hill the barrier stands
The gate where all must part and meet."

You get a fine view of the lake from the Kwannon temple at Mudera. Little steamers and sail boats ply over its surface while here and there is a wooded island; but, as I said before, the beauty is the hills about it.

We stopped for lunch at a great pine tree, noted for its history as well as its size. It grows on a bank just above the water and is remarkable in that its branches stretch 240 by 288 feet.

We came back by the most wonderful canal I ever expect to see. It connects the lake with river and ocean and runs for a distance of about seven miles, about one-half of which is tunneled through the rocky mountains. It is a perfect wonder

from an engineering standpoint and also no small mark of beauty in the path through which it leads the tourist.

My paper is gone or I would say more.

NOVEMBER 28TH.

OSAKA, JAPAN.

As I look back at Kyoto, the city of the hills, I think of its huge temples and vast swarming crowds. They say the population is 400,000, but when the whole countryside comes in to celebrate you can double the number. In our visit to Sanpi san gendo we were shown the great ropes of hair which were used in construction of the temples. Nine ropes ten inches thick and 90 feet long, all made of hair from the poor country people, altogether 200,000 heads were shaved to make these ropes to build the temple; but that is but a small sacrifice and they are only too glad to do it. There is another good story about a poor country man, who, clothed in pure white (mourning garments), committed suicide one cold night on the temple steps to call the attention of the people, through his sacrifice, to social reforms.

I left Kyoto with regret, as we had such a pleasant hotel, but Osaka is by the sea and by the sea we must go on floating around till we eventually bump up against America.

NOVEMBER 29TH.

KOBE.

To-day has been spent in Osaka. It being a cold day the natives have taken a notion to house-clean, much to our disgust. Every street is filled with rubbish and dirt. It even

floats in the air, perhaps, a million germs we breathe, but still we whirl on from hotel to mint, mint to castle, castle to temple, temple to shops, whirling, flying, walking—just the kind of globe trotters Chamberlain describes in his book.

At last we are back to Kobe, our last port in Japan, and while we await the steamer I shall sum up Japan as I saw her. So very many have written of Japan, yet perhaps they might have forgotten a word or two.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

KOBE.

Travelers who come to Japan to stay a month or two and then go away to write a book on the characteristics of the people, customs, etc., I do not think are in a position to render any authentic statements of the true nature of the people. The best and most accurate writing they may make are in her wonderful scenes which are daily shifting, with autumn now turning her trees to crimson red and winter covering them with fleecy snow, and most beautiful of all, perhaps, the glorious bursting of the flowers in spring.

Japan is different; so much different from America. Her people are different; their customs so different that a stranger entering her ports finds something new to stare at from every turn of the road. Gradually you become accustomed to these strange sights and customs, but who can say he thoroughly understands them? Their motives, the fickle turning of their minds, those points must ever be beyond us, even though we be born among them. They are in a different atmosphere from us.

Before me on this table are a little pair of wooden clogs so much used as outdoor shoes, and on account of keeping the feet off the wet ground are a good thing, but they must be un-

comfortable compared with our own. I stood out in the bright, sunny street as the people hobbled by and tried to get a thought. The women seemed to wear these shoes and the men sandals, but I know this is not so in other regions, so turn which way you will, each statement you make must ever be open to contradiction.

The place that has impressed me most with its beauty (and it is hard to decide) is the region around Myanoshita. The lofty hills, the dashing streams and such beautiful cloud effects.

Nikko and Ikaeo come next, then the Inland Sea, and last in turn Kyoto.

All are beautiful, each in their own peculiar way. Each like some maiden who has her own peculiar twist of wavy hair, so each must ever toss and twist the misty strands of dew around some peak or hill, adding untold charms to an emerald back-ground.

To you, poor readers, in a dirty, smoke-laden city, this comes like trash, but it is all here, and if you can find a fairer land nearer, go there, but I think you cannot. To me it has been two months of slothful idleness, yet the pleasures which each day has brought forth should make for the good.

Our date of departure has been postponed until December 3.

DECEMBER 1ST.

KOBE.

Some one has kindly sent me a paper. Facts about Japan from an eminent lecturer. In some he is correct; I add a few and correct a few.

1. Japan has about 50,000,000 people living in a country a little bigger than California.

2. Only one-tenth of the country can be used on account of rocky hills.

3. The chief occupation of the people is agriculture.
4. There are three distinct classes in Japan. The nobility; the middle class, or merchants; third class, including farmers, coolies, etc.
5. Japanese married women still blacken their teeth in the country.
6. Curiosity is their most distinguishing characteristic.
7. There are many Fuji Yamas in Japan, but only one great one.
8. All Japanese hair is black and coarse; they have no blondes.
9. Dull colors are a sign of good taste and modesty, unless worn by children, when bright colors are permissible.
10. Most Japanese women smoke.
11. Japanese women prefer to sit on their feet on the floor rather than in a chair.
12. Buildings are seldom over two stories on account of typhoons and earthquakes.
13. Most country towns have open sewers, with fresh running water in them.
14. All human and animal refuse is carefully saved in pits to be used in cultivation.
15. The poor people never wear underclothes, but to protect themselves from cold put on heavy padded kimonas and take hot baths.
16. A bath is not hot unless it is above 110 degrees F.
17. The roofs of houses are tiled or thatched.
18. They have poor, scraggy ponies and good sized bulls, no gelding or steers.
19. Though they live sanitary lives, they are subject to disease on account of so much uncooked vegetable food.
20. The Japanese intestine is one-third longer than the foreigners on account of the nature of his food.
21. Children in the country never have clean faces as they always have running colds.

22. Few children are without a horrible eczema on the head and body caused by improper washing at birth.

23. The Crow is a sacred bird in Japan (and is also a public nuisance).

24. Rats thrive in every house and are little thought of. They also carry plague from house to house.

25. Carpenters use their tools all backwards. Saws cut with the pull rather than push! Boards are pushed on the planes rather than planes on the boards.

26. Old people are always bent double because they carry such heavy burdens.

27. Babies are carried on the backs of parents and more on the backs of elder sisters and brothers.

28. The ricksha man makes a good horse. He never runs away. He stops when he is told, seldom balks and only kicks when he is paid the proper coin.

29. One-twentieth of the people live in boats on the seas and lakes.

30. Fish supplies the place of animal food as a diet.

31. Dogs and cats are used as pets, also many singing birds.

32. The Japanese love flowers. Flowers are everywhere, indoors and out.

33. Little trees a foot or two tall are sometimes hundreds of years old.

34. Houses in the country are made of mud, wood and paper slides, and also thatched.

35. The chief religions are Shintoism and Buddhism.

36. Every man looks forward to joining the army with pleasure. It is a more idle life than the average have and better food and clothes.

37. Every large Japanese city has a Chinese settlement.

38. White is a dress of mourning and black or modest colors of a wedding.

39. The average speed of a fast train is about sixteen miles an hour.

40. The Japanese tobacco is very mild, and, though they spend a good deal of time lighting their little pipes, they do not smoke as much as the European.

41. People and vehicles always pass to the left rather than to the right.

42. Their greatest hindrance in their race to civilization is the language and writings. Children are kept back in having to learn to read and write so many characters.

DECEMBER 2ND.

KOBE.

Still we are waiting and packing. The plague is gaining on the authorities and we will be glad to leave.

DECEMBER 3RD.

On board S. S. "Minnesota," Kobe harbor.

It seems a long step from Kobe, Japan, to Minnesota, but here we are. Fast unloading and getting ready to sail.

DECEMBER 4TH.

On board S. S. "Minnesota." Inland Sea.

To-day has been ideal for seeing this beautiful sea, already described.

DECEMBER 5TH.

Early this morning about daybreak, we stopped at quarantine off Nagasaki. As it was the last chance to step on Jap-

anese soil, we took the first opportunity to go ashore. The harbor is large and well walled about by the hills which shelter the ships. It has long been known as an open port and a coaling station for all nations. It is strange in ports of this kind how ships of all nations lie harmless beside each other. This morning as we came in we first passed a Russian cruiser and with her band playing a kind of dirge it seemed a quite appropriate tune for her present situation. Next was a Japanese war vessel, then a large German boat, then a French merchantman, and last, our Minnesota, the biggest of them all, with the American flag waving to the breeze. Here indeed was a setting for a peace treaty of nations.

The town of Nagasaki is a rather common place. Tortoise shell shops give you the best chance to spend your money, and we return to the ship, which is being coaled by a human endless chain. They hang huge stairways on the sides of the ship, then each girl or man takes a step to pass a basket of coal up, up, up, till its contents land in the hatch, and the basket goes flying back for a reload. They work like ants, swarming over everything, and seem tireless, so deftly do they send the baskets along. I watched one ladder and they passed 45 baskets a minute (each about 10 or 15 pounds). They say, that if necessary, they can put on 40,000 tons in 24 hours, but would, of course, have to have relays. They worked on our boat from 9 till 3 without a stop, and then went back to tend their babies and do the house work as a pastime. They are wonderful people and deserve a rest in the hereafter.

To-night we have pushed our nose out into the Yellow Sea. Ho, for China and good-bye for Japan. The last light is passed and Japan is gone from us.

DECEMBER 6TH.

S. S. "MINNESOTA."

I have made several efforts and inquiries in Japan, trying to go to Port Arthur, but they do not allow foreigners to go there now, and what they do not allow is simply a stone wall.

This is as near as we shall come to Port Arthur, and as I have nothing to relate of the place I will tell two true stories—one for the children and the other for their elders.

"A man who lived in Yokohama had a shop with two Chinese clerks in Port Arthur. Besides these he had a little curly Korean dog. They all, like everybody else there, had a very hard time with little to eat. One day when everything else seemed quiet, a great Japanese shell struck the shop and blew it all to splinters, killing both the clerks in a horrible manner.

"Another Chinaman who was a friend looked into the broken shop, and under an iron safe he found this little curly dog all safe and well. He tied a tag on the dog's neck with the owner's name and address, and gave the dog to some men who were trying to get out to Chefoo. From there it went by steamer to Yokohama. The owner had thought it was dead long ago and was delighted to hear from it again.

"It's name was 'Chesa' (Japanese Little One)."

The second story is probably not all as it was told me, but it was told as a true story, so I put it down:

"You know a great host of the Japanese nobility volunteered for the war, and so many were killed it seemed as though they would all go. In one part of the defensive operations about Port Arthur the Russians had dug a huge pit. Inside this pit they had strung barbed wire and spikes. All these were connected with electricity, so as to touch them meant in-

stant death. The Japanese knew of this pit and saw there was but one way to take it. That was to fill it up with the bodies of the men making the charge. A certain prince volunteered to lead any who would follow him. A time was fixed and amid the thunder of the Russian guns forward they went.

"The leader went down into the pit and man after man followed him till two whole regiments had gone to this awful death. The news was brought home to the poor mother of how her only son had led such a charge.

They are not allowed to shed tears over their dead in Japan, so into her little sanctuary she went and, getting down upon her knees, prayed: 'I am thankful to have seen this day when my son could give his life twice over. First to his emperor, when he knew he went forward to certain death, and second in the way he died.'" Was there ever a mother of the Gracchi who could do more than that?

DECEMBER 7TH.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

This is great, big, monstrous old China staring out into the world through her huge dragon eyes and wondering whether a life of retirement and quiet is not better than getting into the whirlpool of our modern civilization.

Shanghai is not a sea-port, though some good-sized steamers do get up here. You drop your ship just at the mouth of the dirty yellow Yangsti Kiang river and, dodging the high-pooped junks, you come up for eighteen miles to the city. It is a very modern city of large buildings, clean broad streets, and policemen who are an exact copy of the London Bobs. Everywhere crowding over one another are the natives, ragged and dirty, fat and greasy, and, in contrast to the snappy Japs, dull and stupid.

We strolled around from street to street and finally our boys took us back of the modern city to the old native walled city. We were almost mobbed trying to enter it, and turned away. Lucky for us as our boy at last explained that the choice guide I picked out intended to rob us and might have killed us.

DECEMBER 8TH.

MINNESOTA—OFF SHANGHAI.

All to-day has been spent in Shanghai, but to-night we are again on board and the anchor is coming over the side for Hong Kong.

After aimlessly wandering the streets, we took carriage for a long drive out through Kingston Road, then on into the road of the Bubbling Spring. I imagine it is the best part of Shanghai.

The way is lined with large country places entirely English in outline of houses and grounds, except that the climate gives them a more tropical vegetation. The streets are also typical of the English. Here, certainly, was a meeting of the old and new. A band of coolies down on their knees with their little hammers breaking and evening the road. Close beside them was a huge steam roller doing the work of a hundred hammers.

There are a large variety of vehicles and modes of conveyances. The most peculiar, perhaps, is the large wheel-barrows, on which a half dozen lazy creatures will lounge while one poor coolie pushes his life out. There are few Sedan chairs, donkey carts, etc., but most common is the ricksha, much more heavily built and clumsy than the Japanese.

We passed through one Chinese village in our drive. It was as dirty as a pig pen with all kinds of fowls and animals mixed in with the natives. They seem to have a great fond-

ness for pork, and in certain butcher shops rows of pig heads stare at you from all sides. Back in the city we saw a great many places where chickens and ducks were sold already cooked. Quite an economical way, and if you can get your bird home quick enough you might have a warm supper. Also boats lying in the river filled with eggs. Eggs by the bushel, and still the race exists. No wonder the Shanghai chicken is known the world over.

DECEMBER 9TH.

S. S. MINNESOTA.

You can see the coast most all the way. Now and then a fishing smack.

DECEMBER 10TH.

S. S. MINNESOTA.

We are certainly nearing the equator. We will land in Hongkong bright and early.

MONDAY MORNING.

The last of our American ship.

DECEMBER 11TH.

HONGKONG, CHINA.

We struck a heavy fog early this morning and for hours lay at anchor waiting for the landmark to guide us up the

ON THE PEARL RIVER, CANTON, CHINA.



narrow channel. At last the fog began to lift, but as it cleared away we had a small sample of what the tropical sun may be. Up the bay we caught glimpses of the steep rocky shore, admirably suited to establish fortifications, which the English have not been slow to take advantage of.

In the outer harbor we found two Russian cruisers and our own Wisconsin, which our friend and fellow passenger, Capt. Drake, was about to take command of. As we came into the inner channel we got our first glimpse of the city. It is a thoroughly modern looking city and lies with its back against a high peak. The buildings being so placed that, like the seats of a theatre, you may see from most any point what is going on in the harbor. The harbor was filled with boats and junks of every description. Here also was our gunboat "Raleigh," and several British men of war.

We have left our Minnesota and are on solid land once more, or rather solid rock, for, like the British themselves, this city is built on rocks and of rocks.

We are disappointed in the poor hotels, but will make the best of our short stay here. They say this is a very crowded season.

All the shops are glittering with Christmas toys, much as State street must be at just this time, and almost as crowded.

DECEMBER 12TH.

HONGKONG, CHINA.

It is just three months ago to-day that we left all the comforts of a home to wonder forth in these heathenish lands. No letters to-day from home. Must we wait another three weeks?

I have not said much about the natives here. In fact they do not interest me as the Japanese, beside whom they are rather

dull and listless. To be sure there are enough of them. Thick as flies bobbing about with their chairs and rickshas and their silk braided cues swinging to the breeze. Their language sounds somewhat like the Japanese, only they talk as though their mouths were full of molasses. We being situated on Ice House Road it is quite cool here. Just a little ways up the hill from the hotel is a pretty park filled with palms and other tropical growth, all festooned with the hanging moss same as our own South. Last evening we walked up through this to the cathedral to listen to a Hindu regiment band. It was strange to see so many queer people around you, but mostly English. As the band ceased the mocking birds and other songsters began, and from a musical standpoint quite outdid their human rivals.

The shops, as I said before, are crowded, but have beautiful displays of silverware and ivory, also rattan work is very cheap. A fine steamer chair for about a dollar gold. We have already sampled them in many respects, but shall try again to-morrow.

DECEMBER 13TH.

HONGKONG.

We climbed the peak to-day, or rather our car did. It is another queer railroad and somewhere in its parental line there must have been an elevator, a trolley and perhaps a cable car. It would be impossible to explain the mechanism and would certainly give a good chapter to any book on physics.

You are seated on a car and pretty soon you see your feet coming up to a position of a man with his feet on the table. In reality you rise 1,800 feet in about a mile and a quarter. But such a grand view of the city below you, the harbor, and on the other side on a clear day you must be able to see for many miles out in the ocean.

Hongkong is built on Victoria island with high peaks that rise right out of the ocean.

A great many people have built their homes on these high places (fine places in summer to catch the cool breezes), but I do not see how they can stand it in a typhoon. There is also a large hotel up there, but this is their off season.

DECEMBER 14TH.

HONGKONG.

Up and down the crowded streets (bustling with trade) till late this evening, and we have seen China town. Such a variety of life I never saw before. In some places they were eating and you would see a dozen crowded around a table gobbling down their dirty looking food. Just like so many rats, now and then letting forth a squawk or a squeal, much like the lower animal.

I asked my friend, the doctor from the boat, why we did not see more children, and he said: "They kill all the girl babies." Whether there is any truth in this or not, I do not know. From what I have seen of the sailors on our boats and from what people say, they place very little value on human life. They tell of a man who went out hunting in the rice fields and accidentally shot a baby on a woman's back. The natives made a great rumpus until he paid the woman what is equal to about ten cents and they were well satisfied. Since then they are trying to get all their babies shot.

The average Chinaman earns much less than even the poor Japanese. From all I can learn, six cents is about an average day's pay. Of course, when they can speak English they are worth more, but even what they call skilled labor never gets higher than 10 or 12 cents a day. They could hardly support a family on this, but when you remember that each member of

a household is out earning something, they get along, a kind of hand-to-mouth existence from one year's end to another. They live together a dozen families to a house, like our tenement flats, only much more crowded and dirtier than you have ever seen in America.

On one street where we were this morning the shops were filled with silver workers, pounding and twisting their very artistic wares. In another about twenty modern sewing machines were going to their limit. I passed those same shops about ten at night and the same shaved heads shone under their little torches. It is hard to describe; it is all so dismal and unhuman-like; truly can you say, that "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives"; but let us hope that civilization may show to these people a happier lot than the ages through which they have been toiling, toiling on, and still their plane is no higher to-day than it was before "Peace and good will" was given to men.

DECEMBER 15TH.

HONGKONG.

These are rather dreary days in Hongkong, and the settlers say the weather is unusually cool, but I would rather have this than the extreme heat we are coming to. We took a ferry across the bay this afternoon, where the shops, though not as numerous, have things to sell much cheaper than around town, which is generally the case a little off the beaten track. But it is rather dangerous to get too far off, for there are ten thousand to one, and when you disappear the most your friends can do is get an indemnity, a poor consolation. The poor Chinamen are always paying great indemnities. Every government in the world puts one on her for every petty offense of her citizens. So the tax collectors go out to tax the poor

people till they have nothing left to tax but the skin of their backs.

We visited the museum, but it has a rather simple collection, but bugs are always interesting even when you have them served for breakfast.

Our arrangements are complete to go to Canton for next Monday, which should be unique and interesting.

DECEMBER 16TH.

HONGKONG.

There are two things which must attract the attention of foreigners to Hongkong. First, the absence of horses. Not that they do not have horses at all, but I have not seen one in a week's time, and I have been everywhere. N. says she saw one going towards the meat market, but as she did not see it come away, that one is probably en table de hote.

The second thing is the policeman. They have a few native policemen, but most of them are Shikes from India. They are great, tall, straight fellows, and the Chinaman who tried any tricks with them would have a hard time. I believe the English brought an entire regiment from India. They are always polite and considerate to strangers, but the native gets little but sharp words from them.

This afternoon we again climbed the Peak on our cable elevator trolley and taking chairs rode for an hour amongst the beautiful English places. They are all so situated that they have some grand scenes to look at over the cliffs and peaks, and away out on an emerald ocean. In one round bay it looked from our point like a cake with the little islands for caraway seeds.

As I said before, the chairs are used more than any other conveyance. Each household has two or three and furnish

uniforms for their coolies. They even have grown men to wheel baby carriages, but as long as they don't throw the "kids" over the rocks I imagine they would serve the purpose, and so cheap compared with some of the useless luxuries that act in that capacity at home.

DECEMBER 17TH.

HONGKONG.

We had the pleasure of sitting with our distinguished fellow countryman in church this morning, William J. Bryan. He is taking the same route as we are with a few extra trips, and is, I understand, getting information with which to publish a book. Whatever your politics are, you cannot but admire the man from the very untiring road he has traveled in his efforts to be seated in the president's chair, and I understand he is still willing to be chosen president at the next opportune moment.

To-night we are gliding up the Pearl River on our way to Canton. 'Tis a pleasure to read "Every convenience" on the bills, and for once to find the truth.

DECEMBER 18TH.

CANTON, CHINA.

It is a strange and confused memory that brings back the day. A mob of chattering heathen, a horror of filthy smells, a mass of dirt and grawsomeness, this is Canton. A city supposed to have three millions of people, of whom about five hundred thousand live on the water in sampans and junks, as my friend said, "as thick as fleas on a dog's back."



TEMPLE OF THE HUNDRED GODS, CANTON.

I cannot say I enjoyed it, yet, like the stockyards is to Chicago, you cannot have seen China until you have seen Canton. With a native guide and three boys to a chair we set out to see the sights. Pushing through jabbering mobs, we went from shop to shop; but as the guide was out to make money we found things dearer than in Hongkong. The streets of Canton do not average more than five feet in width and vary from three to seven; this, of course, means the native quarters. When you see what crowds swarm these streets carrying anything from a live pig to a coffin you realize how slow progress is.

Our boys kept up one continual Indian war whoop to clear the way. We visited several ill-kept temples and shrines, then the prison. They still have all the means of torture that were used during the middle ages; instruments to cut and tear them apart in every way. You may have seen pictures of Chinese prisoners with sort of bill-board signs around their necks and feet in stocks.

This looks like a very mild punishment at first glance, yet when you know that they have put a sort of syrup around the eyes and face to attract the flies and mosquitoes it is not so agreeable. They are able to reach up a little ways with their hands, but can never get at their face, which is all the more aggravation. Ten men were beheaded the day before and the guide wished to know if we cared to see the remains, but we had seen enough and were glad to climb up out of this filth to a bright hillside. Here on a stone table with stone chairs we ate our lunch in picnic fashion on this 18th day of December. Up above us was a great five-storied pagoda, 1,200 years old. On another hill was an old fort with ancient guns still looking down on us. Down the hill was a cemetery where the graves are dug horse-shoe fashion. It was good to look up at the blue sky and catch a breath of clean air. Then we went on and in it once more. For your sake I shall forget the lepers and fried rats and all other grawsome things.

The city of the dead is a clean, agreeable place, and after a man has lived and earned a decent burial he is given a room here on six dollars a month. Hot tea is served him every day and his coffin is the best. In some rooms a man had laid away his several wives, and as our friend (who was a second wife) remarked, the second and third ones always get the worst of it. In turn we visited the water clock and temple of five hundred idols and were glad to get back to a comfortable cup of tea on the boat. A hard day.

DECEMBER 19TH.

HONGKONG.

Our last day in China is a day of preparation for our journey to the south.

The Prince Heinrich looks very small compared with our big American ships, but trust she will prove all the good things we have heard of her.

One last word from home and we are ready to set sail.

DECEMBER 20TH.

ON BOARD "PRINCE HEINRICH."

It is a pretty passage out to sea from Hongkong and I regret the fog that hid the shore coming in. Our way out is by a different course and all around are islands and high mainlands. Our ship is showing her good speed, but takes a motion like a cork-screw. She is only an 8,000-ton ship, compared with the "Dakota's" 25,000.

DECEMBER 21ST.

ON BOARD "PRINCE HEINRICH."

This is a tropic clime and to do our best it is hard to keep cool. If it is this way on deck, what can it be in the stokers' hold? Germany is all around us, and between the beer and the band you can almost see that "Castle on the Rhine." It is a good ship and excellent service.

DECEMBER 22ND.

All the morning we have been passing close to the coast of Cochin, China, a ragged and barren coast. Faint outlines of Saigon (the city where the Russian warships created so much disturbance and distress to Japan before the set out for their disaster) gleam out of the mist. Two French cruisers steam up the coast. It brings one more in touch with Robert Stevenson and other writers of southern seas to see these same islands, the same blue waters through which have passed enough real history and excitement to make his novels seem mild in comparison. Pirates still make their raids along these coasts, pouncing onto their countrymen whenever they get a chance, but it would be a sorry day for them if they tackled any other nation who would hustle them along like a big policeman.

My, but it is hot. It is not our summer heat, but a dull, sultry atmosphere that seems to steal into your very bones. On September 28th we were farther north than Winnipeg; to-day we are almost to the equator.

DECEMBER 23RD.

S. S. "PRINCE HEINRICH."

We are fast nearing our first stop and to-morrow early will see us well landed in Singapore. Singapore is just about 125 miles north of the equator and as near as we expect to come to it (thank Heaven). It is not an agreeable climate to live in, not only from the matter of keeping cool, but all else that goes with it.

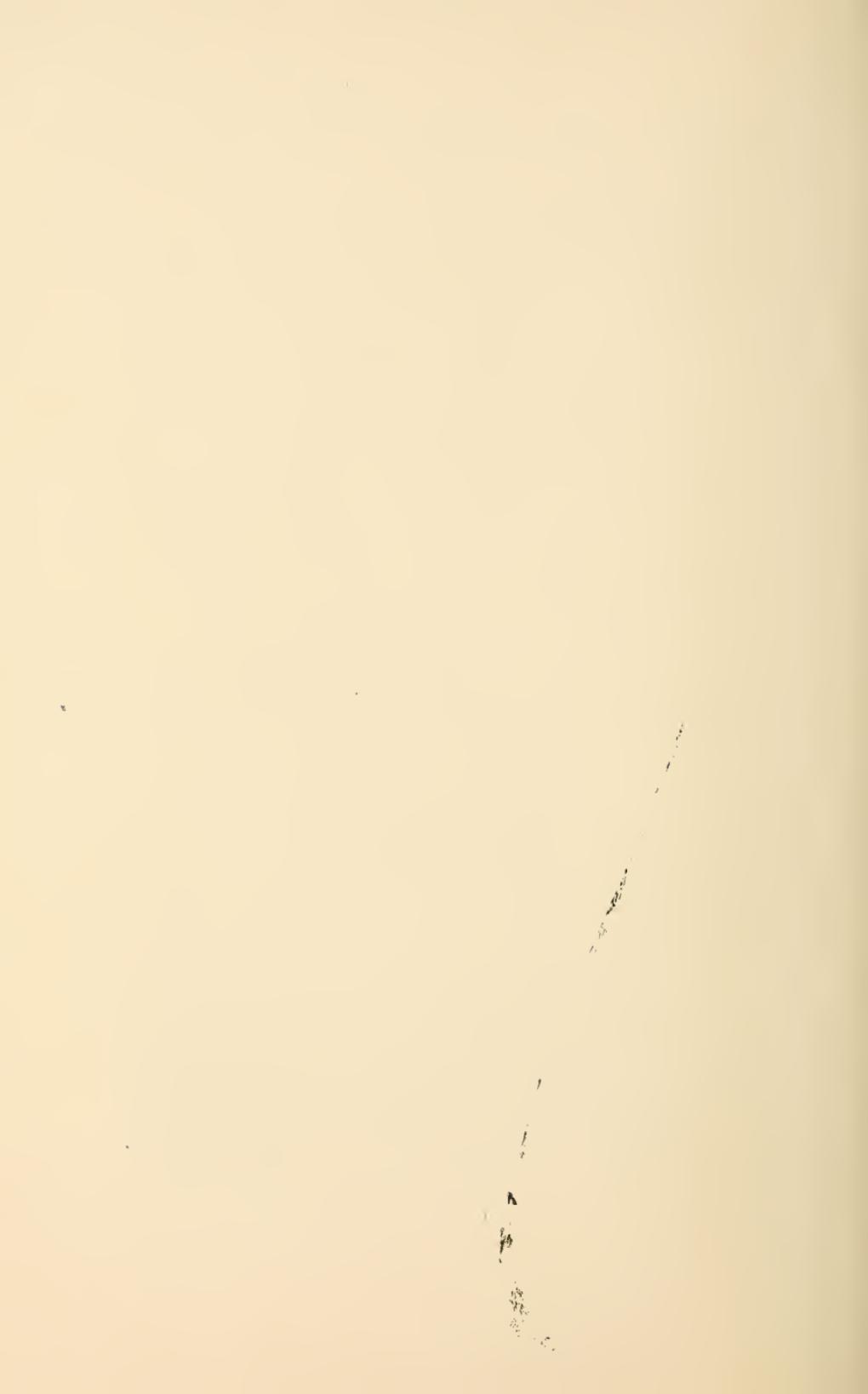
DECEMBER 24TH.

S. S. "PRINCE HEINRICH" OFF SINGAPORE.

It is a pleasure to turn one's thoughts back to the snow piles and icy blasts of Lake Michigan. They say the temperature never goes above 86 degrees here, or below 76 degrees, but I know this is not so, for to-night at ten o'clock, in the dead of winter it is 86 degrees. Oh, for a Chicago icicle. However, it was a pleasure to find such a luxuriously verdant world down here. Palms, flowers and shrubs seem just to drop into every crevice of the universe, and great big fellows that would be ashamed of our finest hot-house specimens. Leave, then, your early breakfast, come out on deck with us to see the shining black fellows jump from their miniature barks after the coins, never a miss and back again as quick as a wink. I believe their mothers are true mermaids. Then getting into a carriage, or what stands for a carriage (a gherry) we dash up to town as fast as our shetland pony will carry us. The population is thoroughly mixed, with the Chinese and Malays predominating. The Chinaman is the same as elsewhere, except that he wears less clothes. The natives are quite different



MAIN STREET, SINGAPORE.



and have crinkly jet-black hair, and wear a kind of calico kilt, leaving their handsome black skin to view.

Raffles Hotel is called starvation point, so shunning that we start out for the botanical gardens. It is "a perfect dream," as the school girls say, and contains every wonder of plant life that is possible, and such grand, huge specimens.

A special feature is "the jungle," a name which readily recalls one to tigers, snakes and other such, but fearing the deluge more we speed back to our ship for Tiffin.

Again we are off on the trolley in cars which bring us nearer to our own summer cars than anything we have seen. Dodging the money changers, who rob you of all the shop keepers leave you, we again take our funny little gherry and go to the huge reservoir outside the city about five miles. 'Tis a pretty ride beside the canal down through groves of cocoanut palms and then a little landscape garden leading to the pond.

Water is the great question in these parts and the only safety is in bottles of Appolenaris.

It being Sunday there is nothing to buy except that we find it necessary to break the Sabbath by buying the regulation pith-helmet, which brings to mind an early picture of Stanley in Darkest Africa. In some places the ground is very low and unhealthy, but the natives, like their water buffaloes, seem to thrive there. There is much to tell of, but there is another day to tell it in.

DECEMBER 25TH.

ON BOARD S. S. "PRINCE HEINRICH."

When you come to Japan you are in as different a world as though you had flown to Mars. China has many points of resemblance to Japan, yet these Strait settlements have as much difference as coming from home to Japan. 'Tis not a place where any Chicagoan could delight to live in.

Our friend, the minister, pleasantly remarked: "My cousin came here as a missionary and lived two months." The air is too oppressive.

The town is full of grave yards built on the hillside in their peculiar horse-shoe fashion. At the base of one grave yard was a public well with the natives all around it. Do you wonder the town is full of typhoid fever? Poor fools, they do not know any better. Really there are some beautiful homes surrounded by every kind of palm and plant.

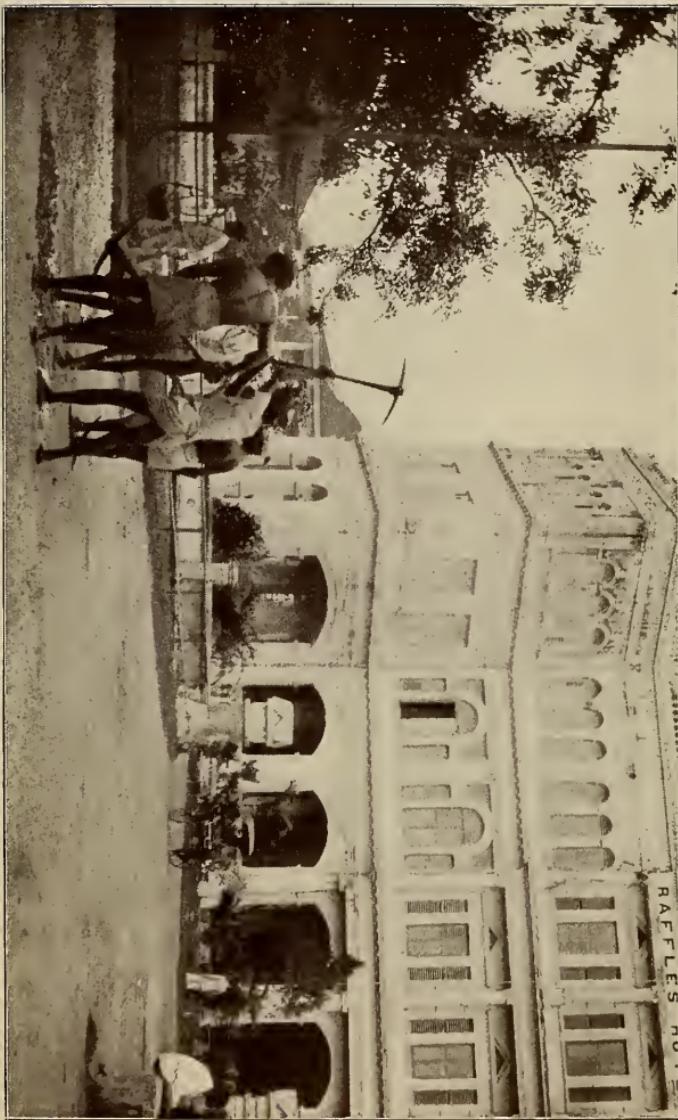
The main business of the day is performed either before eleven or after four.

The golf links on the race course reminded me very much of Washington Park, and I imagine nine holes was quite enough. You see all kinds of fruits here—mangoes, bread fruit, huge yellow things like watermelons, and peddlers on every corner with their cut and uncut pineapples. Back up in the country I understand the land is mostly taken up with pineapple plantations. Having bargained and re-bargained with the keen Indians for every kind of ware, we sailed away promptly at noon.

The coast is very pretty as we run out by the little islands, and if I was to take my choice of a residence here it would be out in the sea away from the foul swamps and contamination of the shore.

Showers at last spoil our view and we turn our thoughts with other friends to our Christmas celebration.

'Tis needless to say that our thoughts rest in a certain little village of northern Illinois, wondering, planning and thinking of the day with its festivities. However, we have a pleasant company and as merry a Christmas as is possible so far away.



STARVATION HOTEL, SINGAPORE.

DECEMBER 26TH.

"PRINCE HEINRICH"—OFF PENANG.

We arrived in Penang at four o'clock, and as we leave early in the morning must see our sights before dark. When you approach the city from the sea it looks low, being on a kind of isthmus running out from the base of the hills, but when you go up into the town you find the land better drained and more clean than at Singapore; in fact the whole city appeals to us more than at Singapore.

It seems to me I have heard of Penang pepper all my life, but there was no sign of it. Our boat was busy all night taking on coffee, which, with the large quantity of tobacco we took on at Singapore makes a good cargo; but not a sign of pepper or any other spice. Back up in the valley are the botanical gardens, much more extensive and beautiful than those at Singapore. Here high up comes a roaring water-fall, clear and bright, making a picture not to be overlooked, at the same time giving the city a generous supply of good water. I do not believe I shall ever see so many cocoanut trees again in my life; I know I never saw so many before. Around each house is a perfect grove, and for the several miles up to the garden you see nothing but them. They must be a considerable part of the food for the natives, and it is a shame to see so many going to waste on the ground.

The first point that strikes the visitor is the old fort which, having served its time, is about to be taken down. It seems to have been built with more than usual skill and has evidently seen good service.

Next is the beautiful clock tower presented to the town by Queen Victoria. How simple and finely toned were its chimes. No discord or noisy ringing of mere gongs, but the soft peals that make true harmony.

The homes of Penang are not artistic in their design, but you forget the houses when you see such a wealth of nature and grounds, all of which are far ahead of any at Singapore.

This is Boxer day, or the day after Christmas. Where the name comes from no one seems to know. I make a wild guess, that it's the day they unbox their presents. Anyway it is as much Christmas as yesterday, so the shops are all closed.

Back on ship with noisy natives still swinging the cargo down the hold. A hot, poor place to sleep. At home in summer we have hot days and cool nights; here it is always the same day and night—never below 80 degrees.

DECEMBER 27TH.

"PRINCE HEINRICH."

Nothing of special interest has passed us to-day since we left the verdant land, unless it be a hugh rock stuck up in the sea and must be a point of danger to the mariners. Not a speck of vegetation, yet over it hung a cloud of birds like flies around some sweets. Close beside it was a carcass of a whale having his bones carefully picked by these same booboo birds.

While we journey on out into the great Bay of Bengal I must tell you of some of our passengers, not in the first cabin or second, but the steerage. There is a band of Russian peasants from Sakhalien island. They came on board the S. S. "Minnesota" at Kobe; such great uncouth, clumsy fellows, wearing their fur coats and high boots, showing many signs of the rough life they had led. At Hongkong they were re-clothed for these hot climates, and so they are being passed on from ship to ship till they must land once more in troubled and upturned Russia. Where is their home? No peace anywhere, and like Longfellow's people of Arcadia, driven hither and thither by the fortunes of war, for Japan claims the land

and she does not want the people. I believe you will see the day when she will own the whole island.

DECEMBER 28TH.

“PRINCE HEINRICH.”

We passed several large freighters to-day. One or two quite close, almost within hailing distance. It is strange to a land-lubber how they have paths in the sea as clear to a mariner as our lanes and by-ways at home. Navigation is a great science, and I can easily see how fascinating it must become, and once instilled into an old salt he clings to the sea through all the allurements of a life on land.

DECEMBER 29TH.

“PRINCE HEINRICH.”

Have you ever gazed out over the sea and felt the fascination of it? Each ragged, foam-capped wave rising, skipping, dancing, twisting, tossed hither and thither, answering to every whim of breeze, now glowing white as it rises to meet a sun beam, now frowning dark as it lowers itself into the depths, and with its ever-changing color it sweeps out around you into a limitless circle, straight on into the azure sky. Here only is your gaze stopped. Then swing your eyes back up into the cloud-specked Heavens. Here again are new wonders. Those soft downy fleeces that swing across your field like sisters to the waves, each bears resemblance to its neighbor, yet what two can you say were fashioned in the same mold. Now you see a hand stretched out to grasp a little cupid, but ever they sweep on, each following in silent, ghost-like procession

across the sky, never hurrying, but always coming out from the infinite to disappear in the infinite. All this you see and a thousand other things. And so you wonder at the great life around you. For if ever there was life, here it is.

DECEMBER 30TH.

S. S. "PRINCE HEINRICH."

This morning we sighted land about eight o'clock and will probably land about four. Good-bye to "Prince Heinrich"; 'tis the best boat for service we have had so far. I don't think I shall sleep in a bed after becoming so accustomed to a berth. Now for Ceylon and India.

DECEMBER 31ST.

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

In the Garden of Eden. That is the original one. There have been many imitations, but this is truly the original show.

The only thing that does not seem to gibe with authorities is that there are no apple trees from which to pick the fruit of sin, but perhaps it was a pineapple, as they grow in abundance.

Another thing is, this is an island. How then did they, Adam and Eve, get off the islands when driven from it; but there again you can meet the difficulty by realizing what good swimmers the Chingalese people are; but I would lay all these points before a learned man I know of and pass on to the matter of fact.

We landed along towards evening and were driven out to



SUNSET, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

the hotel by the sea. It was not a long drive, but you at once realized you were breathing a rarer and softer air than ever before, and such smooth, fine boulevards. It was good to get ashore, but it's better to be ashore in such a place.

This morning after a long call from the crows, we opened our doors and there before us was the "painted ship sailing on the painted sea."

Close down by the shore are the huge cocoanut trees which silhouette themselves on a sea of breakers. In fact, cocoanut trees are everywhere, groves and groves. It seems a poor, red clay they grow in, but they thrive in their endless extravagance, and not alone, but around them are palms of every shape and size known to man with a thousand other trees and shrubs intermingled. Through long lanes of such trees we rode out to Mount Lavinia this afternoon to gaze once more at the gentle ocean while we sipped our lemon squash and listened to the chattering merchants all around us.

It is a land of joy and pleasure where care rests light and *clothes are not a burden*. To be sure it is warm, but which do you choose, a land covered with snow and ice or a land of eternal summer, of harvest time each day. Why do not all tramps settle in Ceylon?

JANUARY 1ST.

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

A happy New Year to you all. I send my message by the sun as he is the quickest one I know of. And speaking of the sun, 'tis strange what sunsets we have here just before it strikes the horizon. There is a blaze of gold. You look to see the sun several degrees above the horizon, you turn your head just a second and it is gone, but if it is swift in setting it is also unre-

lentless while it is here and to stir outdoors without your helmet is dangerous.

Having decided to see India first and then Ceylon, we have seen the man from Cooks, and will start for a four weeks trip to-morrow. So if you, who read, care to follow, just glance at the map in the following order:

Colombo to Tuticorin, to Madura, to Madras, to Calcutta, to Benares, to Lucknow, to Agra, to Delhi, to Jeypore, to Ahmedabad, to Bombay, to Madras, to Colombo. This sounds short but it means between four and five thousand miles, which should keep us busy.

We tried to see the museum, but it being New Years was closed. It is surrounded by a cinnamon garden, but unfortunately it is not kept up. It is curious to see the lizards playing in the trees like squirrels and you soon get used to them. They are such shy little creatures. The natives not knowing of any Declaration of Independence are busy setting off their crackers to-day. The smoke has quite a homelike smell this hot day.

JANUARY 2ND.

S. S. PADURA
BETWEEN COLOMBO AND TUTICORIN.

We are on our way to India and shall spend the night crossing by the British India steamer. Already you feel you are in the atmosphere of the empire, overhead the huge fan Punkah swings back and forth being controlled by one man power. This is supposed to be one of the roughest places on the globe, but to-night it is quite calm.

JANUARY 3RD.

MADURA.

We are situated in this little village of about 100,000 souls. Having landed early at Tuticorin we took the regulation English coach here to Madura. It is a very uninteresting ride, the country is almost a desert where only century plants and goats seem able to live. Once in a while a listless stream will flow down out of the hills, but there are so many poor creatures to use the water that it must grow dry long before it completes its course to the sea. We were warned by a Catholic priest that we would find little in the landscape to demand inspection so shall not be disappointed, but everywhere you turn are those same flashing white eyeballs, those long reaching palms. In spite of their nakedness they are not an immodest people and very seldom will you find even a naked child without at least a string around his waist.

The chief sights of Madura are the temple, the palace and the large water pool. The temple is a huge affair and must cover at least ten acres of ground. It was built about 1600 and is remarkably well preserved, being mostly of granite. Each one of the four gates rises to about 200 feet in height and is a solid series of tiny images and carvings. I shall not attempt a description of the interior. So many shrines, so many hallways and special tombs. Foul smelling wells and burning incense, and all these put down in guide books with a historical description. The things that impressed me were the prostrate natives, the live elephants and parrots. But far more beautiful than the temple was the water tank. It is about two miles in circumference and in its center is one of the cleanest, whitest shrines I have seen, surrounded with many tropical trees.

Coming back to our hotel in the railroad station we passed a huge Banyon tree. It has about two hundred trunks reach-

ing down into the ground and is about three hundred feet in diameter.

To-night we saw the same temple illuminated, but in the future I shall stay at home for such shows.

JANUARY 4TH.

MADURA—MADRAS—CALCUTTA.

We left Madura about noon after having once more revisited the water pond, the tree and palace. In my letter of the 3rd I failed to mention the palace. It was built many years ago, but owing to the fact that the English use it as a court house is exceptionally well kept up. You enter by a huge court yard and passing under lofty domes you enter the palace proper. There is a story how a native let himself down from the roof by the hanging chains and stole the royal jewels. While we stood thinking of how they made the poor wretch suffer for his crime, in came five handcuffed individuals between the flashing swords of the native police. The evidence of their mischief was on hand, a huge iron box having been hammered open and 500 rupees stolen for which they will probably suffer death for England rules with an iron bar.

Leaving Madura, N. was put in a compartment with three other of the haughty race, and myself, after being almost kicked out, found a seat with some "gents." I use the word as gentlemen would be too good.

At Tajore I met some Yale college boys and we decided to take a second class compartment rather than again beard the British lion.

Bright and early we landed at Madras, the third largest city of India. It was rather disappointing at the beginning. The hotel was poor, the weather was rainy and it looked as

though we would find nothing but disgust. Having passed through another common zoological garden down through the heart of the city, we turned back towards the hotel. Here is where things began to brighten up. They call it the Marina. 'Tis a beautiful boulevard stretching along the sea-shore. Directly behind the drive are old palaces and forts, many attractive and well-kept places. The drive itself runs along for about eight miles but after enjoying the tropical growth and fresh salt air for some time, we turned back on a road where the trees were even more luxuriant and among which were pretty herds of deer. There are many statues and memorials of noted British who have gone before, and an especially large statue of King Edward.

There are many sights, but we must go on to Calcutta. After bribing all the officials on the road (for few are above taking the handed coin) and after fighting tooth and nail we secured a compartment with a large German and his still larger frau, who will be our eating and sleeping companions for the next 48 hours.

Great Britain can boast of how she has conquered these people and wrung from them their every pittance till they look up at an Englishman as a semi-god. Boast of this and a thousand other things, but she cannot boast of a railroad. Her system here is simply rotten and I regret the space that will not allow me to describe it, suffice to say.

You buy meal tickets when you start; your meals are ordered ahead at certain stations; your train is four hours late; you get breakfast at 12, lunch at 5, dinner at 10 p. m. Very convenient hours. If you don't eat you lose your tickets.

It is a dry and desolate country all the way up here and reminds me very much of Arizona, except, perhaps, they do have a dirty puddle of water, now and then, and the farther north you go the more frequent these become.

A little rice is grown, a little sugar cane, but most of the

dry country is given over to herds of goats, cattle, or water buffalos, strange birds and an occasional jackal makes a bow and takes his departure. Around each station is a cluster of native huts which look much like hay stacks, but which are nothing but low, thatched huts. If you would see primitive life, here it is, the naked native, the smoldering fire and the mud, or thatched hut all bring back those pictures of our own Indian life now so fast disappearing. The temperature has fallen several degrees and you look for ice on the Ganges as you land early in Calcutta.

Calcutta, the great metropolis, Calcutta with all its history of a land taken from the natives lying at its feet. Here is the black Hole where so many Europeans were smothered to death. Here the great fort covering the river front, and scattered over the entire city monuments and statues to commemorate each deed in its life.

After extravagantly engaging a servant at the price of forty cents per day who acts as butler, housemaid, groom, valet, guide and general utility man, we set out.

We visited the Zoological Gardens, and if there is any reptile, beast or creeping thing which we have not seen, after to-day, I want to know about it.

Then came the temple of Alighat, sacred to Kali, who was chopped up and lost her finger on this spot. (Guide book.)

The place was quite bloody as they were sacrificing young kids and goats here. We witnessed an execution and then passed on to the water ghat, all this time surrounded by the howling populace. Here was a strange comparison. The old customs of that early religion which was given to the Jews way back in the lost ages. Those sacrifices of blood, the putting of ashes on the head, the washing of the feet all gone through with as much sincerity as they were in Israel three thousand years ago, now a daily practice amongst these people and right along side of all this was our modern trolley, our

drug store and every device of an up-to-date world. Was the old and the new ever so near together and so far apart?

The museum of Calcutta is an immense affair and well worth giving a half day to, but we shall put it off as the time for closing was at hand.

We gazed on the marble statue of Empress and Queen Victoria and wondered if she ever knew in her kind heart how much these her poor subjects suffered.

JANUARY 9TH.

The morning was spent in retracing our steps of yesterday, mainly passing through the museum. As curious and as interesting as the museum itself, are the natives who flock here to see it. In one place they have arranged the skeletons of different forms of apes and ou-rang ou-tangs up to those of a perfect man to show the stages through which we have passed. The natives were very much interested and talked over the subject as though they really understood what no man yet does.

After vainly trying to get across the Ganges which has but one bridge, we drove out to a private Jain temple which, although not large, is perfectly laid out and quite elaborate for the display of a single purse. My pictures will tell a better story of it.

JANUARY 10TH.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Clear and bright, 70° .

This is our last day in Calcutta. Our trip will have to be shortened by two weeks.

The most interesting and beautiful place in Calcutta is

the Botanical Garden, a fine extent of wooded land of about 272 acres running along the river Hooghly. Although they are so beautiful and well kept it is necessary to drive through the worst part of the city to reach it. You feel you are entitled to all its ponds and picturesque lanes when you reach there.

JANUARY 11TH.

BENARES, INDIA.

We left Calcutta by fast mail, as the miles traveled will show, and after changing cars landed here in early morning. Benares is the heart of India, that is, from a religious point, and as that is bread and meat to the natives it is everything. There are more sacred points here than in any other place in India and to die outside the precincts of the city is a disgrace. In fact, they say if you die on the other side of the Ganges your soul enters a donkey; if you die in the city your soul enters a monkey. Which do you prefer? You can best see the sacred places from a boat. Slowly we were rowed back and forth along by the crowded banks, or more properly a stretch of ghats or bathing places, each one swarming with its human deities who not only bathe in the filthy water but drink all they can of its filthiness. Leading from the river back up to the shrines and holy temples are steps, and on these steps are moored the sacred cattle. In one place they had a burning ghat where we again saw the bodies ascending up in smoke, but this is a clean sight compared with that of seeing them drink the filthy water. No guide attempts to describe the shrines and temples of Benares. There are from two to three thousand. I can only give you this brief notion as I snap-shoted them. The Monkey Temple and Golden Temple are quite ordinary except for their occupants. Some few

years ago the monkeys became quite a nuisance, as they are allowed the freedom of the city, and took everything they could lay their hands on. So they sent off about 1,000. Now they have 2,000 left which is enough. We were in a court buying something and two big fellows had a lot of fun throwing stones at us from a roof of the house.

JANUARY 12TH.

LUCKNOW, INDIA.

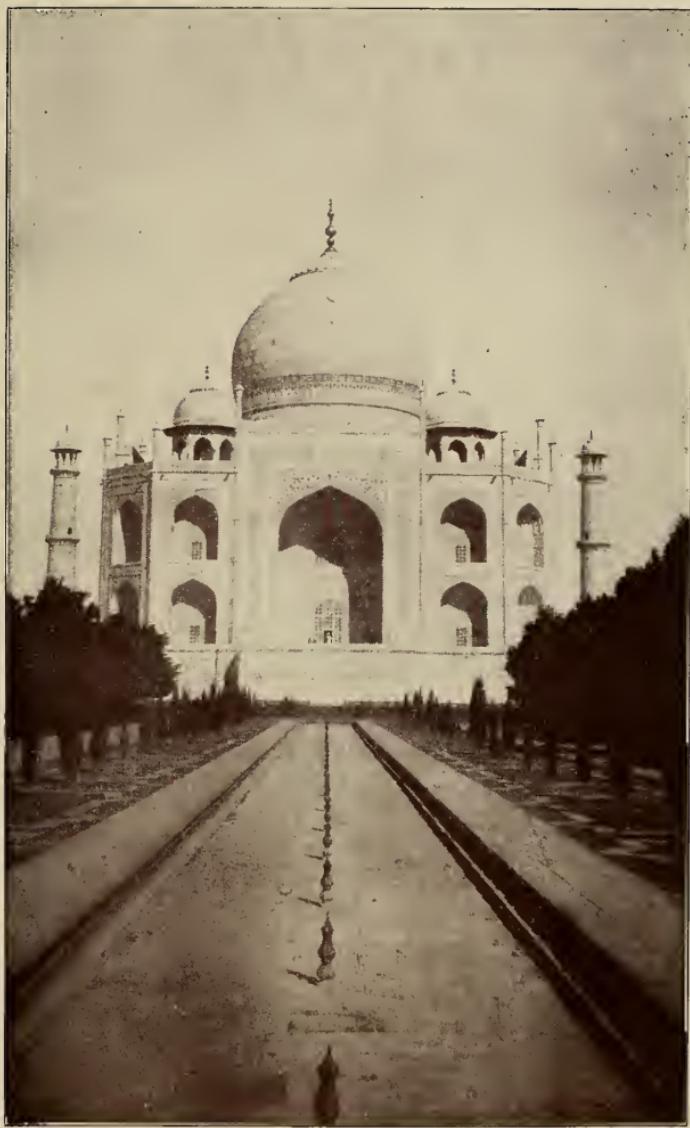
I find that I have left out a part of the 10th spent in Calcutta. We took an early trip to the burning ghats, or more properly the crematory. In a small walled enclosure close to the river are numbers of little pits. Into these they pile the logs and then lay the naked body on top. Day and night they are always burning and relaying the fires for some poor fellow. We were there about eight o'clock and they were just laying a man on who had died of plague at one o'clock. Near by was the half consumed remains of a boy who had smallpox. When you realize how fast plague travels you will see that from a sanitary point this crude crematory is for the best. When they see they are going to die they always give something to have their body burned.

Lucknow is about six hours run from Benares. All about here is famous for the siege which this city was under in 1857 when the Indians mutinied. All the points of interest are marked by posts and stones. To one interested in the history of the country it is as much of interest as the field of Gettysburg is to us. There are also some large, fine mosques, but our time is not spent yet, so will leave off for to-night.

JANUARY 13TH.

LUCKNOW TO AGRA.

The mutiny of the native troops and the consequent siege which the British underwent is a page in the conquering of this empire never to be forgotten. From the 30th of May, 1858, to the end of November, the British were surrounded by tens of thousands of natives trying to capture the place. Two or three reliefs came to them, but it was not until Col. Campbell came with his Highlanders that they were enabled to march out and evacuate the place. The original force was reduced from over 3,000 to 900. Their leaders were killed, and as the veteran who took us over the ground said, they could not have held out a day longer. The old buildings are still kept as best they can. All the original lines and fortifications are shown and one becomes intensely interested the more you hear of its brave defense. Around about this are clustered other spots connected with the siege. At Lecundra Bogh 2,000 natives were killed. La Martineere College, a school for boys, historic also in many ways. There are also numbers of temples and gardens. We left Lucknow in the afternoon for Agra by way of Cawnpur. Cawnpur did not compare with Lucknow, but its people suffered more from treachery, and the beautiful Memorial well with the Angel of Resurrection over it marks the spot where so many noble souls were cast both dead and alive. Cawnpur is quite a manufacturing district. We reached Agra late at night.



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

JANUARY 14TH.

AGRA.

The great interest that centers around Agra is the Taj Mahal. Indeed it is a thing of beauty; it is a wonder of the world. If you have read of India you have read of the Taj. It was built several hundred years ago as a mausoleum for the wife of Shah Jehan. Truly it is typical of the beauty of woman with all its graceful minarets and nobly rounded mosques. You see it; you wonder. The longer you gaze, the more you admire such dainty and accurate carving. No background to set it off but the deep blue of the sky. And no matter whether you see it close or from the distance it is just as beautiful. All pure marble with some inlaid work. Inside the great dome rest the remains of Shah Jehan and his wife side by side in two stone-studded caskets. Around them are the tombs of their children. We saw the Taj by moonlight, but not so as to be able to mark out its delicate structure. Nothing could be more beautiful than this great mass of snowy marble under the blaze of the brightest of suns. Outside the Taj there is little of interest in Agra, unless you mention the very large historic fort and about half a dozen Mahomedan Mosques. All this region is sacred to Mahomet and almost every building of any significance has its inlaid floor with the prayer points toward Mecca.

JANUARY 15TH.

We traveled 23 long miles through clouds of dust in a dirty gherry to see the ancient city of Fatehpar Siku, built in 1570, and still well preserved in certain parts. It is built of red sandstone and is rather grand and massive, but outside of

its historic interest it is nothing, and we were much disappointed having such a long trip out.

JANUARY 16TH.

We left Agra last night by Punjab mail and arrived late at night here. Delhi will be our farthest point north. From here we will go down until a week will land us fifteen hundred miles farther south (back in Colombo). I would advise any one coming through India to at least get a smack of the history of the mutiny. So much of Lucknow, Cawnpur, Agra and Delhi are places of interest from their connection with the mutiny that you must really know something of it to take any interest whatever in what is shown. Delhi was most important of all the places, for it was here the king was and as the place was in the hands of the rebels it was necessary to retake it in order to hold India. This of course was done, but at a fearful cost. No wonder when you read of it the British keep such a tight rein on the natives. Inside the large fortifications are the palace connected with which are the turkish bath, the pearl mosque all built of pure marble with fine inlaid work. Just at present they are under repairs by an Italian and when he completes his work will add more interest. One coming to Delhi cannot forget the great mosque of Jumma Musjid containing many sacred relics of the famous prophet, all of which may be seen for 30 cents. Also the Jain temple, the memorial to the mutiny and other mosques should not be forgotten. Looking out from the King's palace in the fort you get a fine view of the river Jumma in the distance flowing around the city.

JANUARY 17TH.

The object of our jaunt was Kutil Minari, a large minaret of 238 feet in height. You journey out to it through the same dusty country, which is even more desolate than the ordinary. Soon after leaving the city gates we stopped at the big building which covers the temple of the father of the great Akbar. From here we caught a glimpse of the Kutil, so far away in the distance. Stopping at several different tombs until we reached the bungalow where we lunched before seeing the sights. There is really little to see outside this great pillar built up from a diameter of 47 feet at the base to 9 feet at the summit. Nearby is a deep well where for eight annas a native will give you a high dive. Someone having kindly partaken of our guide book, we turned home, too provoked to see any more.

JANUARY 18TH.

JEYPORE.

The Maharajah of Jeypore is the "whole thing" here. His palace is in the center of the city, and everywhere are evidences of his handiwork. The first thing you notice is the broad street; then the buildings, all built of the same material and decorated with the same pink and white colors, block after block of them. Behind this "pink cake" the buildings looked quite like most of India's tumbling down hovels, but they always present the regulation front. The palace being the main thing here, we go. The Rajah kindly gives us permission to inspect his quarters. His palace is rather ill kept and dirty, but his 400 blooded horses, his herd of elephants, his tigers, crocodiles, etc., all were worth the guide's

tips. He has 3,000 servants under him, so you see if his cook should leave he would still have someone to cook for him.

JANUARY 19TH.

EN ROUTE BOMBAY.

Having had a touch of India's sun at Jeypore I have not a clear recollection of all that city, but whatever of interest we saw can be brought back by a guide book, and further, for the above reason we did not stop at Ahmmedabad, as planned, but came straight through to Bombay reaching here after a very dusty ride through a country as desolate as we have yet seen. In spite of all this desert we saw numerous bands of wild monkeys, peacocks, parrots and other creatures, including the humans. Bombay is a modern city and has the best hotel we have found since leaving home. We visited the Victoria Gardens, passing through the streets where everything is busy and bustling with traffic and trade. They waste so much time here striking a bargain.

JANUARY 21ST TO 24TH.

BOMBAY TO TUTICORIN.

We left Bombay after a quiet day and launched forth once more, not as sight-seers, but as simple travelers who having torn through India on the regulation route are now looking for a quiet place to rest. The country down to Madras from Bombay is much more cultivated and has a healthier aspect than other parts. Perhaps the recent rains had given it its greener, fresher look. On the 23rd we spent the day

in Madras visiting the museum, which is a large one and covers a good deal of space. I believe it is used in connection with the Madras University. It was a rest to get off the cars for even a day and then on down over the same route by which we entered the empire, and so to-night we have left India behind us, right over there where the sun went down.

The Captain of our ship first questioned us, "What do you think of it?" "N" promptly answers, "I don't like it"; neither do I. Yet! who can know anything of India without feeling an interest in it. There are those millions of people who have come down out through ages with all their wonderful history of religious warfare, intrigue of monarchs whose riches were more than any other in the world; all the assassinations, cruelty, and finally the firm hand of the British taking hold of them. They are controlled, but it is like the cobras which the fakers use in their tricks. They have pulled the poison fangs out, but the spirit is all there. And in the native there is more of him beside—all his old instincts, all his fanatical beliefs are still here. He is a child of nature living his primitive life a half starved coyote of the desert. Little knowledge, ever crafty, he looks on the white man as lord, for he has had his lesson and there is the native. His country is covered with monuments in ancient temples and fortresses; they all speak for themselves, each stone of each place can tell a story that would fill a book. Outside of these things there is nothing in India. If you want climate, stay away; if natural scenery, stay away; if comforts, stay away; but for the rest go and see.

JANUARY 25TH.

KANDY, CEYLON.

Temperature, 85°. 75 miles.

Having successfully passed across from Tuticorin to Co-

lombo we spent the morning in flying about town. It was a joy to find a large package of mail awaiting us and having a claim as superior tramps we pushed some sleepy natives off the bench.

About two o'clock we took train up to Kandy. What a gorgeous land is Ceylon, after India. Instead of a dry desert here they have an over-abundance of water. Rice paddys and hay fields are all afloat. Not only this, but the railroad (run by the government) is such an improvement over India. Really prosperity seems to abound here after the poverty over there. About three-fourths the way up to Kandy the road begins to climb and with an engine before and another after we push up into the hills slowly, but surely. Gradually the rivers and lowlands grow smaller and as we emerge from each tunnel they become smaller and smaller till you have a perfect bird's-eye view of the whole country stretching out between the giant hills. As fair a country as man ever trod upon. The cool breeze greets us as we near Kandy and after Colombo is like a cold lemonade on a day in midsummer. We find a good hotel overlooking the little artificial lake so well known and having a cool bath, a good dinner and a little walk beside the lake we feel like human beings once more with the full power to enjoy all these wonders spread out before us.

JANUARY 26TH.

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

Temperature, 88°. 75 miles.

The Prince of Wales is about to visit Colombo and all roads to Kandy are putting on their party dresses for him. It is so easy to decorate here when foliage is so abundant and labor so cheap. With fruits, flowers and leaves you may make a path to paradise in a day.

NATIVE BOATS, CEYLON.



Our carriage drive took us out through the great forests and before taking train we stopped to enjoy the wonderland of Kandy (the Botanical garden). We have seen many gardens, but from a large variety standpoint this is by far the best. Spice plants, palm trees, etc., galore, all kinds, shapes and sizes. The river forms a big bend at the garden making a pretty sight from the road as you look through the giant bamboo trees at it. Most of the tea plantations are up in these highlands. Tea plants are a very common looking shrub, but it must be a science to know just how to get the delicate flavors from it. Some coffee is grown, but we did not see much. Outside this are the banana plantations and cocoanuts everywhere. As we came along down the railroad we passed numerous high piles of earth ranging from 5 to 7 feet. These are ant hills. What is our labor beside the rearing of these huge structures. Everything in Colombo awaits the royal visit and accommodations are scarce, but our ship sails in one more day so with just room to pack up in we forget everything in the press of time.

JANUARY 27TH.

COLOMBO.

Temperature, 85°. Our last day in Ceylon. Everything aboard and ready to sail. It is going home, but I am sorry to leave this pleasant land; when may we feel those soft, spicy breezes again or stand out in the open air in midwinter and wish it were a trifle cooler. All these we leave behind us in Colombo with harbor lights gradually growing dimmer. Away out on the ocean once more, where everything is at rest and peace.

JANUARY 28TH.

ON BOARD GROSSER KURFUST.

A quiet Sunday. Really our first Sunday in some weeks with real services and music. We have very few passengers on board for such a big ship, but for this we receive all the more attention. A perfect day and perfect sea. We are very lucky. No more land now till we reach Aden in about six days.

JANUARY 29TH.

Temperature, 88°. Run, 368. Same sea. Same weather. Same crowd. Just the same old ship; just the same old roommate. A little exercise to liven up the crowd.

JANUARY 31ST.

Temperature, 88°. Run, 355.

Crowd waking up. Quite a lively doctor who loves whiskey, but has brought around the crowd in good shape. Everybody in the game.

FEBRUARY 1ST.

Temperature, 85°. Run, 350.

N—— won the Bull Board. Hurrah! I disgrace myself the first day. Sighted land a long way off this morning. Will reach Aden late Friday night. A scudding sea and a little more monsoon.

FEBRUARY 2ND.

Temperature, 85°. Distance, 312.

Passed several slow freighters. Occasionally I think we

catch a faint glimmer of the northern shore. We are fast becoming acquainted with one another. The Americans are over 25 per cent of the first cabin.

FEBRUARY 3RD.

Temperature, 80°. Distance, 170.

Early this morning we laid off the desolate and hilly Arabian town of Aden. Here as elsewhere Britania rules and the principal buildings in sight are the British barracks.

Almost as quickly as the gulls to gather around were the swarm of natives who strive so hard to make a bargain it is a question whether they will fall a prey to numerous sharks or be smashed by a rival tradesman, but soon the ostrich feathers, baskets, sword fish, sharks' jaws, horns, etc., are flying up to the ship and the shillings are flying back in the improvised elevator. Very soon after anchoring the German mail steamer from Japan came in and now we are flying side by side in a mad rush for home. This is the faster ship but with one boiler out of action she will probably distance us. We ran quite close to the barren hills after leaving Aden and shortly we turned up into the Red Sea. The same old sea through which the children of Israel waded in their escape from Egypt. It is easy to understand its name for just before the sun went over into Africa it cast its red glow from ship to shore.

It is strange what rather queer people you run across in traveling. Not the same quite home-like folks, but mostly the restless bummers, who, like the dunce on the stool, finds it hard to sit still.

As a rule they are heavy drinkers, good gamblers, and jolly jokers; but here we are amongst them, and of them, so why should we see the mote in their eyes. Enough, and too much, said.

To-night we are in sight of two continents on one side, a light flashes and the other it is still. Asia and Africa.

FEBRUARY 4TH.

Distance, 378. Hot and sultry. Stern wind. 85°.

Morning service again. The lesson was suitable to the situation being of the Children of Israel's flight across the Red Sea. Such gorgeous nights as we are having, I cannot help but let my thoughts linger out under the brilliant night.

"The night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world."

We think of the night with so much blackness as something to be shunned, a time when the evil of the world goes forth, but what is more peaceful than those quiet glistening gems above you. Those unknown away up there in the dark, each set in place like the lights of a great auditorium and then that glorious moon comes forth whose light, while more powerful than the stars, cannot eclipse them in their beauty.

It (the moon) spreads its sheen across the waves till they glow like burnished shields and all the time you are looking and wondering the soft breeze is fanning. And so there is much of company in the night. Such peaceful company and to those who watch out the long hours till the east grows crimson again, there must ever be a touch of sympathy, they must learn to know each other whether they be under the Southern Cross or Northern Bear. Each star tells his story to those who ask, "Where am I?" be he mariner or wanderer of the land.

FEBRUARY 5TH.

Distance, 350 miles. Wind in our face. Temperature, 75°. A good clear day, with our rival ship still near us. We have passed many ships going south.

FEBRUARY 6TH.

Distance, 342 miles. Cold night. Good stiff breeze. Little sea. Temperature, 65° to 70°. We are up in the Gulf of Suez. We passed in sight of the historical Mt. Sinai. On both sides the land has closed in and is quite interesting after seeing so much water. The Red Mountains.

FEBRUARY 7TH.

Distance, 280 miles. Temperature cooler, 65°.

We landed in Suez bright and early, not landed, but lay off the entrance of the canal till the proper arrangements were made. Our fee for going through was 80,000 francs, which is largely profit, so you can see what a paying venture it was for the Frenchman. The town of Suez proper lies a ways back from the canal, but the entrance is marked by quite a settlement and station which is connected by rail with the mainland. About 10:30 we started through, going at about five knots an hour. This canal was not so difficult in construction, as it passes through a comparatively level desert. To be sure the shifting sand does not make a reliable basin and cars were still at work. This ship is the largest that goes through the canal and at certain sections it was necessary to stop to allow boats going down to pass. It is a wonderful system they have for lighting, keeping the channel clear, etc., and needs as much organization as a small government. Each

section has its cultivated station house which makes a pretty picture in this bleak and desolate country. Now and then a ragged Arab will pass with his bunch of camels, ships of the desert, and like the burros of America seemingly living on nothing. And so late in the night we are still going through. Now and then rubbing the sides of a friend ship on her way out, all with search lights set.

FEBRUARY 8TH.

Ditsance, 100 miles. Temperature, 60°. Cool stiff breeze. We were awakened by the joyful song of the coal passers off Pt. Said and having a few hours between daylight and leaving time, went ashore to inspect the town. It is a shiftless, dirty sort of place, with nothing remarkable about it. A kind of town where you find the cast off sailor, the wayward adventurer, a place bordering between heathenism and civilization with all the evils of the former and desoluteness of the latter. It was a day when five large passenger steamers had come in so prices had gone up accordingly. Having filled our coal bunkers we turned our prow out to sea. We were well out when someone discovered we had forgotten our bill of health for the Italian ports. So strange as it may seem for such a big ship, we calmly "lay to" for an hour just outside the breakwater. It was a large rolling sea and gave signs of worse to come. A German Lloyd passing with salted stacks.

FEBRUARY 9TH.

Distance, 332 miles. Temperature, 55°. Stiff breeze. Long rolling sea. We are finding the Mediterranean Sea a rather unsteady proposition but it would be strange if it were not after so much calm weather. Many strangers have come on board and many friends have left us. A euchre party is in order for to-night, but is still unsettled.

FEBRUARY 10TH.

Distance, 340 miles. Temperature, 50°. Rough sea. Wind and rain. Still the sea is tossing us along. We passed Crete early last night which showed up quite plain in the catches of moon through the clouds. The bad weather has kept us in doors. To-night was the Captain's dinner. Not very strong yet plenty of good fellowship.

FEBRUARY 11TH.

Distance, 416 miles. Stiff breeze; bright sun. Not so much sea. Very early before daylight we passed through the Strait of Messina. We saw the lights of the towns showing very brightly then about seven we rolled along off Stromboli, an active volcano, but outside a funnel of white smoke coming out of its top there was little excitement. All around were an endless swarm of little islands as far as you could see but the prettiest sight of all was the clean white town which clung to the side of the volcano down to the water's edge. A rather dangerous vicinity, yet they probably think as little of it as we do of some smoking chimney.

It was a question whether we should reach Naples before dark so that we could go ashore, but about three o'clock in the afternoon the large range of hills to the south of Naples showed up on the horizon and soon after we were able to discern that rather frightful monster which has had such a record as a life destroyer, Mt. Vesuvius, and like its southern friend, smoking in a lively manner. As we turned up into the pretty bay of Naples we passed Capri, so well known for the Blue Grotto.

As we ran closer in you could plainly see the sides of the hills covered with Olive trees. From our point of view seem-

ing to rise out of the rocky cliffs but in reality on cultivated terraces. Naples spreads itself out along the blue water like one of its pretty coral necklaces. It has little of a harbor to speak of, but there is room for us and that is enough. It was dark before we landed but from what we saw of the town on the way to the hotel was enough to make you know you were once more in the land of the living where the heathen are no more. Such a meal and such a bed; 'tis paradise after being knocked about on the sea for two weeks.

FEBRUARY 12TH.

NAPLES, ITALY.

Temperature, 55°. Bright sun.

Our first impressions of Naples are good. It is not the dirty beggar rid city that has been described to us, to be sure, those are both here, but what can compare to the filth of China or the poverty of India. As usual we trimmed our sail for the shops and have equipped ourselves in the garb of respectability. The great temple of shops is the gallery of the Don Carlo's Opera House and just across the street from that famous building around about this great gallery are shops innumerable stretching up along the Via Roma to the National Museum. The next important building along the water front is the Royal Palace well guarded with the giant statues of Naples' eight rulers.

Just in front of the palace is a large court artistically adorned with two equestrian statues and just back of which is the handsome church (built in a crescent) of San Francisco di Paola.

The first night as we came by this church the court was aglow with lights and formed a beautiful crescent. The church

itself is a copy of the Pantheon. The arsenal is hardly worth mentioning for such a large affair and after passing through an area of hotels you come to the villa Natzionale which is a very pretty park neatly set off with statues, fountains, etc., and in the midst of which is a large aquarium. Not having been inside, I cannot describe it. We have arranged our plans to climb Mt. Vesuvius in the morning.

FEBRUARY 13TH.

Cold and rain, 50°.

It was a dismal day to think of taking the long trip up the volcano and we were glad to find it would not be made on account of the weather so out we strolled through the center of the city to the museum. The building itself has nothing to attract the visitor it being built as a cavalry barracks and not an art gallery.

After waiting for an hour in a cold room we proceeded to do the museum. I say do it for to study or examine its great halls of marble statues, bronzes, the heaps of treasure which have come out of Pompei and Herculaneam not to mention the great number of paintings is all the work of a week. Suffice to say, one must admire the artistic taste of the Italian. It is a gift which I firmly believe having seen Paris and London which is of such a high class that it stands in my poor admiration at the top. Whether the modern artist inherits the gift of his ancestors is a question. We were glad to get back to our comfortable rooms out of the cold and damp. Here to spend the rest of the day in comfort.

FEBRUARY 14TH.

Cold and rain; 40°.

Another horrible day; again we put off our visit up the mountain. So cold that a few flakes of snow chanced to ap-

pear, and all this in Sunny Italy. But I prefer a hotter clime; and with a very bad cold, the best place is my steam heated room.

FEBRUARY 15TH.

Temperature, 50°. Cold; wet a. m., p. m. clear.

A morning spent in trying to draw together the forces of nature to break a bad cold. In the afternoon we drove to Posilipo. It is a high rocky isthmus from which you look back over the world-famed Bay of Naples to the clear-cut city. On the other side the gentle slope runs down to the valley almost entirely covered with grapevines. Such a beautiful touch of spring, the blossoming fruit trees bring. We have missed Japan during the cherry blossom season, but have recovered it in Italy.

FEBRUARY 16TH.

Miles, 35. Clear and bright; 55° to 60°.

A DAY UP VESUVIUS.

When you go to Vesuvius you start in a carriage, you ride in a train, you take a trolley, then a bus ride, next another trolley, then you walk a mile, then you take a cable which is almost an elevator, then you walk some more and there you are.

The mountain lies just across the bay from the city, always in clear weather a pretty sight. The tram running through the vineyards and garden patches and finally reaching the base of the mountain. You see the first evidences of the early eruptions in massive black lava fields in and among which have

already sprung up a small verdant forest. These continue till you reach the huge flows which came down in 1892 distinctly discernible by their darker and more rugged appearance. In fact, the whole field looks like little more than the slag from our great blast furnaces. Overhead is the huge furnace, pouring forth a large torrent of steam and rocks seeming to prepare to devour our approaching party. At last we reach the snow line and a little further all progress is stopped. You take a guide and hand in hand you pass up over the steaming ashes to the great roaring crater. Every few minutes there comes forth a sound like a thousand sky rockets and huge rocks whirl through the dense smoke, it being a question whether you can dodge the rocks or lose your balance on the steep mountain side. But thanks to providence and the guide, you receive nothing but a heavy shower of ashes. It was disappointing not to be able to go quite up to the crater, but the volcano is too active. What a beautiful stream the red hot lava makes as it pours forth on its errand of destruction down the valley. I say destruction for where it strikes an iron rail or telegraph pole it is gone and there is no holding it within bounds. This is surely the Devil's own chimney and I would not care to live near it. The Italian government keeps guards posted everywhere to watch it day and night.

FEBRUARY 17TH.

NAPLES TO ROME.

Rail distance, 155 miles. Clear; cool; temperature 50° to 60°.

We left Naples early and landed in Rome about 2 o'clock. All the way the mountains with their snow clad tops ran along beside us.

Starting with the vineyards the valleys gradually worked up into the wooded highlands till they reached the snowy tops. We found much to admire in Rome and enjoyed the luxury of the bright sun.

What a small impression this great historic city makes on one but let them fling wide their imagination to the time when legions went tramping out to conquer in unknown lands or great Cæsars ruled the world from this throne.

FEBRUARY 18TH.

Clear and bright. Spent sick abed. Dr. Baldwin.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

Sick. Fine weather again.

FEBRUARY 20TH.

Little better. Still nice outdoors.

FEBRUARY 21ST.

This morning with what little strength I have left after my fever, we spent in going over the Coliseum, Forum and then to St. Peters Cathedral. To get into the spirit of the place you must call back those old days and all I could think of was Quo Vadis, Henry Sienkiewicz's novel.

The Coliseum was the spot where Christianity first started out on its grand triumph over all the civilized world. There is little of beauty in the place and you turn to the arch of Constantine with pleasure after viewing its mossy stones. The Forum is a grand heap of ruins well and accurately described by guide books.

I was more impressed with the entrance way on the out-

side of St. Peters than its interior though you do not realize its vastness till you step inside. The construction is as artistic as Italians can make it with the fountains, statues of the Saints, etc., so well balanced with the great dome and cross rising high up in the background.

FEBRUARY 22ND.

Rain and cold. Temperature 50° to 55°. In a drizzling rain we left the outside world and entered the choicest collection of paintings in Rome, those of the Vatican. Here Raphael simply spread his enchanted brush on every spot possible, making the walls and ceilings a paradise to students and lovers of art. However, some of the choicest appealed to me less than those with the clearer cut figures. Raphael's Ascension of Christ, a combination of two scenes in Christ life in one, was worth all the rest. The Sistine Chapel was so dark and gloomy we could not make out its wondrous bible story. I cannot understand why as they charge admission they do not heat the buildings; they are as cold and damp as barns. I suppose they are afraid of fire.

Back to our room to rest over our tired necks.

Rest Tailor and good night.

FEBRUARY 23RD.

Cloudy and cold. Temperature, 55°.

Rome to-day is a city of about 425,000. In the second century it was about an even million but in this long lapse of time wondrous changes have gone on. At one time there were less than 80,000, so that the great treasures of the old days were laid aside, buried or utterly destroyed by vandals. However, there was enough left to bring back those old glories

and by piecing and patching put them away in safe places for future thousands to see. Such a collection was that we saw at the Capitaline museum. The very finest marble statues and busts of every noted man and woman not to mention a thousand gods and goddesses. A great many of these marble treasures have been found by the working men in excavating the Forum and other buildings.

We saw the Baths of Carcalla which are little less than a heap of ruined brick piles with hardly a trace of what it once was.

The columns of the Temple of Vesta well represent the stolen art of the Greeks being the most perfect specimens of Corinthian art we have seen. This afternoon we fairly raced through the gallery of modern art. The pictures are so much clearer and finer than the old masters, I cannot but feel my education in fine art has been neglected.

FEBRUARY 24TH.

ROME TO FLORENCE.

Miles, 180. Cold and rain. Temperature, 50°.

Having spent so much of my time in Rome abed we decided to visit at the last moment some of the minor attractions and went to the church of "San Maria Maggiore", the largest of eighty churches in Rome. Its most striking features are the beautiful little chapels on each side in which have been laid some of the old Popes.

From Rome to Florence it rained in torrents and to my still sick eyes made a dismal picture. Occasionally we passed a pretty river or lake but most of the way was quite dull.



GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

FEBRUARY 25TH.

FLORENCE.

Bright and clear. Rather mild.

To see Florence drive to the Piazza del Signoria find the bronze slab marking the spot where Savonarola was burned face towards the Loggra dei Lanzi and you see some of the finest statues in the world, in the open hall, to the left behind a huge fountain of Neptune is the old palace or government house with grand painted hall. Just beyond this is the picture gallery of Uffizi which next to the Vatican at Rome contains more old treasured pictures than anywhere else in the world not to speak of all the marble works.

In the afternoon we went through the Royal Apartments of the King and Queen in the Petti Palace, then out into the pretty park and warm sunshine. How pleasant the outdoors is after staying so much in these gloomy halls.

FEBRUARY 26TH.

Clear and bright; 60°.

Again we follow our guide book through the Uffizi and the gallery at the Petti palace, such a host of paintings, they blur the memory unless you would gaze at each treasure an hour or so which would take a lifetime. The afternoon was spent in a pretty drive out back of the town away from all its old castles and churches. I must not forget the cathedral close by which are a beautiful Baptistry and a large campanile.

FEBRUARY 28TH.

FLORENCE TO VENICE.

169 miles. Cloudy and rain. Morning spent in packing. Set off at 2 o'clock for Venice. Fine scenery all the way;

quite hilly. Land in Venice and find everything just as described to us. Even the huge black gondola which carries us to our hotel. I never expected to see this city but here I am surrounded by its water.

MARCH 1ST.

Clear and warm; 50° to 60°.

You would not know unless told that all these dark and dilapidated palaces which line this Grand Canal, these great churches, including the grandest of all, St. Mark's, were made of the finest and whitest of marbles. A few hundred years makes quite a difference. How common it all seems to stand in the great square in front of St. Mark's and drop corn down the throats of the fluttering pigeons. You get your money back when those same birds are served up for dinner.

St. Mark's is truly a fine old church and well deserves the admiration of our over-crowded brains. Such domes of gold and paintings that adorn its interior all in the finest of mosaics. Its great altars of precious jewels are worth seeing a good many times. You must not forget the four prancing bronze steeds that prance just over the doorway or the beautiful lantern that hangs in the center of the interior.

Outside the bronze men are striking their hammers on the great bell and the strange old clock stares down on the promenading public. The afternoon was spent in a quiet lazy life of floating down the grand canal while each palace and building of interest was pointed out to us, then back from the Rialto bridge through a way that is walkable, and again home.

MARCH 2ND.

Clear and bright. A visit through the glass works and lace factories is well worth the time if you can rigidly keep your-

self from buying all you see for they do have such artistic and beautiful things.

We saw all the horrors and beauties of the old Palace, passed across the bridge of sighs, looked into all the old dungeons and felt thankful we were not alive in those old days. I regret not being more familiar with the real history of Venice to appreciate how that grand republic lost so much of glory as its modern buildings of art seem to reveal but I can realize what an age of pillage it was.

It is a pretty scene; just about six feet below our window the festive gondola with lanterns gay float by, while the serenaders' sweet unfamiliar words come in to us by our warm fireside.

MARCH 3RD.

VENICE TO MILAN.

165 miles. Clear and bright; about 50° to 55° .

One last look at St. Mark's. They are just putting on the finishing touches of the foundation of the new Campanile.

Good-bye to pretty Venice, the most curious city in the world. We are lucky to again have an ideal day in our travel to Milan for far back from our way the huge Venetian Alps rise up with their snow white peaks and soon after skirting a pretty lake we roll into Milan one-half hour late.

MARCH 4TH.

MILAN.

Clear and springlike.

Here is the greatest cathedral we have seen yet. What an immense affair it really is. No wonder it took 400 years to

build and now so soon after it is finished it is going to pieces. It is a wonderful sight to stand on the top pinnacle 360 feet above the maddening crowd and gaze way out over a sea of tiled roofs to where the mountains are and all the green country. You can easily believe the guide book which says there are 2,000 statues placed on this building and many pinnacles towering over all.

The picture galleries are rather tame compared with those we have already seen. I think we have mental indigestion from seeing so much as one friend describes it. It is more pleasant in the park to me than in the buildings. There it is bright and warm, inside the buildings it is cold, dark and gloomy.

MARCH 5TH.

MILAN TO COMO.

Weather fine and clear. Temperature, 55°.

We left the cathedral city about two and after passing through a rather flat country you suddenly enter Como and the mountains are all about you. We did not find the lake until we had driven out of the town for a little ways, then it was all the more fascinating with the green sparkling water so clear and bright.

If there were no lake in between these beautiful hills, it would be attractive and beautiful, yet the lake is like the center of a gorgeous brooch, a perfect emerald between the giant pearls around it.

We were fortunate in finding such a place. It was a mere piece of luck and no planned-out joy on which to waste our anticipation.

The hotel lies in a park overlooking the lake and is not only an attractive situation but is adorned with such artistic statuary, such avenues and lanes, such waterfalls, and in all

is a place where man has vied with nature, sometimes assisting her in extravagant growth at other places, adding beauties by his cunning handiwork. All this does not half tell the story as we see it under this bright blue sky.

MARCH 6TH.

COMO.

Ville De Es'te. Weather clear and bright.

All day we have simply bathed in the glories of weather and nature surrounding us. In whichever direction the eye wanders we drink in the loveliness of this place. The very finest place in all Italy where one may breathe the ozone-laden air, reach up and grasp a few sunbeams into his vitals and walk forth on the face of the earth a new man.

In the quiet of the evening we drift across the lake to the castle-like buildings on the other shore, then back again to our good hotel. I regret my short stay here.

MARCH 7TH.

COMO TO LUGANO TO LUCERNE.

We left Como bright and early and with a speedy little steamer ran up the lake, stopping at most of the towns on the hillsides. It is queer how these little towns seem to add something to the picturesqueness of it all. At home we want to drive back all these but here they do not detract.

About eleven o'clock we left Como lake at Menaggio and took a little train up over across the hills and down through Porlezza to Lake Lugano. I have been soaring up in the skies on these last few pages, yet it is all true. We cross the

frontier line, stop at a few more places, then land at Lugano, which is quite a large town. Our stay here is but an hour, just time for lunch, then away we speed by rail off up among the Alps of Switzerland. How often have those mountains been looked at from every point of view, by thousands and millions. They have listened to their praises sung by every nation of the globe yet they are so perfectly grand and glorious as when first turned out of that giant work shop. As large and magnificent as they are they are no barrier to man, who has pierced and climbed them in every direction.

St. Gothard's railway alone cost 48 million, a task of twenty years, yet we do not realize the cost and time as we glide so swiftly over it all through the long tunnel ($9\frac{1}{2}$ miles), then with one grand sweep around Lake Lucerne and we are landed at Lucerne, Switzerland.

MARCH 8TH.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Again the sun is shining bright for us as we start out to see Lucerne. The town lies at the head of the lake with a good healthy stream coming down the valley to divide it in two. The modern trolley lines run round in quite a home-like manner and everything is clean and neat. After a few minutes walk we came to the little park which surrounds the copy of Thorwaldsen's Lion. It is evidently a furious beast as it was all boxed up (to preserve it from the strenuous winter weather).

Most of the local sights are in the same condition. The Muhlenbrucke bridge is worth remembering with its large tower standing in the stream. But for all our disappointment we were thoroughly satisfied to enjoy the mountains around and feel the cool brisk breezes coming up the valley.

The cathedral we saw and had a pleasant ride into the country side.

MARCH 9TH.

LUCERNE TO PARIS.

Miles, 385. Cold wet weather, 45° to 50°.

We started for Paris before the sun had come over the mountains. A miserable cold wet day quite in contrast to what we have been having and making it impossible to see anything but the fleeting way close beside our track. Tunnel followed tunnel until we reached the frontier when we again ran out into a rolling agricultural district which is intersected with pretty canals and roadways. For a short space we passed through German territory (Alsace) and I regret to have found such stupid railroad officials, they even going to the extreme of putting us off the train when our tickets plainly showed we had paid our passage.

It was very late when we came to brilliantly lighted Paris. So anxious were we to get there that we took every suburb for the great city.

MARCH 10TH.

Clear and bright.

Paris is an old friend and with the exception of the underground railroad has scarcely changed in ten years when I was first introduced to the gay laughing city. We were fortunately disappointed in finding such pleasant weather so far north and enjoyed ourselves doing nothing but driving the streets seeing the shops and recruiting our wardrobes.

In spite of the underground railroad the streets are filled with busses, cabs and worst of all a thousand automobiles

seem to fairly fly through the crowds. It is a good place to take out an accident policy.

MARCH 11TH.

Showers and cool. Driving and a quiet day.

MARCH 12TH.

Cold; hail; rain; 40° .

We have seen Notre Dame, Morgue, Madeline, etc., all in our own swift pace.

There is little in them that is not in a thousand guide books only any one that expects to see things as are described will be bitterly disappointed. The marble statues will be black and dusty with age, the golden ornaments will look little better than burnished brass while even the jewels will give you some apprehension as to their reality, suffice to say, you must believe what you read and hear about these wonderful works of man and read the convincing history at a more leisure moment. There is one thing that is and always will be just as you see it, that is the light breaking through the stained glass windows of Notre Dame. They are as beautiful as anything in the church or out of it that we have seen to-day. We hope for a better day to-morrow when we shall start to see the Louvre, the greatest treasure house in all France.

MARCH 13TH.

Cold and rain; 40° to 50° .

What a grand collection is that in the Louvre. We have spent the entire day roaming through the famous paintings, sculptures, etc., yet we have given things a most hurried glance.



CHAMPS ELYSEES, LOOKING TOWARD ARCHE DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

Many of the paintings come back to me as I see them the second time.

MARCH 14TH.

Wednesday; another grand day of sight-seeing. We have reached a find system and I doubt if two ever galloped over the ground more rapidly before. The Louvre again, then the Luxemburg with its more modern art, Hotel Des Invalides, Lunch, Hotel de Villa. What a grand and magnificent place this really is with all its immense halls, ball rooms, so tastily painted and sculptured and so modern in all their magnificence.

Then the Pantheon closed a day that the guide book would give a week to and we are not dead yet.

MARCH 15TH.

Fair but cloudy.

I spent the entire morning walking the streets. What a way to name the streets. You start out on one street and pretty soon the name is changed although it is really the same street. A trip to St. Cloud where the beautiful Severs porcelain ware is made. We followed the process, saw the fine display, bought a piece and came back to town rather disappointed there was no chance to bargain for a dinner set.

MARCH 16TH.

Cool and cloudy; 45°.

This morning we went out under the Arche de Triomphe where we had some difficulty with a cabman, then over to the Bois de Boulogne, the pride of Paris as a park. Really I would like to criticise Paris; they give up so much room to parks and public squares that the homes have no grounds around them to speak of. It is a mistake which I trust Chicago

will never come to but nevertheless it is a beautiful park and is so artistic with its bridal paths and drives through the cultivated forests. No grass but such a host of trees to wander through. The entire afternoon in Bon Morche. I would rather go to jail or the dentist, which is worse.

MARCH 17TH.

PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

Miles, 192½. Fair. Temperature, 45°.

A rustle and bustle in packing to get off. It seems as though Paris is full of automobiles; they apparently go at full speed anywhere they please. They say there are no gendarmes in Paris and I guess it's so. There is little of interest between Paris and Brussels. Now and then you catch a pretty chateau tucked away in some wooded hill land but it is mostly a farming country. With the slight inconveniences of customs examination we land in Brussels just four hours after leaving Paris. If you should shut your eyes on leaving Paris, open them in Brussels, you would not realize the space between, so well is Brussels called Little Paris.

We inspected the Bourse, saw the square adjoining the Stadt house and had a look at the shops. There is nothing extraordinary, yet there is more to see.

MARCH 18TH.

BRUSSELS.

Miserable weather. Temperature about 35° to 40°. Snow and rain.

To-day being Sunday, we did not try to enter the build-

ings of interest. We went to the government house called the Palais Royal and which is supposed to be the largest building in the world; whether it is or not, it is large enough for anybody except an Englishman.

MARCH 19TH.

BRUSSELS TO ANTWERP.

Bad weather, Temperature, 40°. $27\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

At last we found something of real interest in Brussels. It was a picture gallery of modern paintings such things as looked as though they were alive and not mystical illusions of a forgotten age. One last look over the busy little city and we are off again to boat at Antwerp. Little could we make of the country in the gloomy atmosphere of these Dutch lowlands.

MARCH 20TH.

Miles from Antwerp to London, $259\frac{3}{4}$. It was not a pleasant journey across the Channel last night and I regret there was some uneasiness among the passengers. Spring is trying to come in England and if the trees had half a chance they would break out and make things a little brighter; somehow England or London would not be natural without these fogs any more than Colorado without sunshine. We found the busses still doing business here in London town and the same tall Bobbies and all we had seen before.

Outside our window is Trafalgar square with the Nelson Monument. There does not seem to be water enough coming out of the sky so they have two large fountains playing to keep up with the elements.

The day was given up mostly to business. We did stroll

down into quiet old Westminster just for a look and then back home.

MARCH 21ST TO 28TH.

My last few days have been so completely filled that these daily notes have been neglected. London is a place where you can always find things not put down in the guide books and for that it is more interesting.

We have tried to do our duty as sightseers and have only the excuse of time that we have not gone out hand in hand with Baedeker. Suffice to say, we saw the British Museum, the National Gallery, Westminster, St. Margaret's, Houses of Parliament, the Tower, Crystal Palace, St. Paul's and the South Kensington Museum, besides a thousand more or less interesting statues and places. Cheshire Cheese Inn has a peculiar charm with the old furniture of the witty Dr. Johnston. Twice have we visited the theatre to make up for which we heard and I half appreciated all that was said to us by Dr. Campbell of the Temple.

Our hotel is very convenient, being directly on Traflagar square, which is always a pleasant sight with its two large fountains on each side. It however, has its drawbacks, for being in so central a place the traffic must necessarily be large, and from "Early morn till dewy eve" you would hear the strenuous efforts of the bus conductors after passengers. The days in London have simply been ditto marks all the way through, heavy fog interposed with rain, hail and snow, disagreeable everywhere except our little fireside. The temperature has swayed between 30° to 40° nearly every day. As the time draws nearer to sail my heart seems a little more active in anticipating the home coming. We ran eighty miles from London to Southampton in 90 minutes; not bad going. The Kronprinz was waiting and almost ready to sail.

She is a good ship but not as fine or large as I anticipated, but is built for speed. We ran across the channel to Cherbourg, then straight on out to sea toward the homeland once more. (Southampton to London, 79½ miles.)

ON BOARD S. S. KRONPRINZ WILHELM.

Day.	Weather	Wind	Distance	Sea.
	Cloudy			
28	and	Light		Choppy
	Sunny			
29	Cloudy	Stern-light	405	Smooth
30	Cloudy	South	567	Side Roll
31	Stormy	High North	552	Pitch
1	Heavy fog	South	503	Side Roll
2	Clear	South	552	Smooth
3	Clear	South-West	About 600 to land	Smooth

APRIL 3RD, 4TH, 5TH AND 6TH.

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

At last we found America; there she was with her factories and light houses showing plainer every minute as we with other ships drew into the one great center of commerce, New York.

We were really too busy with custom officers to appreciate all the scenes around and it was rather late in the afternoon when we sighted our dock crowded with welcomers.

Here then is the anxious moment and it was hard to tell whether the excitement of the home comers ran any higher than that of the welcomers.

At last we have picked out a familiar face or two. Such waving and signaling for we feel we are home once more and to step ashore to join hands is secondary to the welcome that first came to us across the narrowing span of waters.

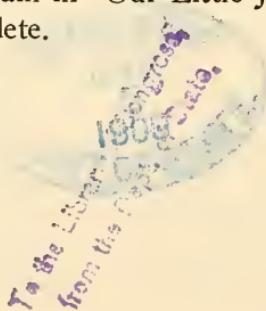
I would not tire you with New York. It was good to look into the faces of honest Americans once more, to swagger down the street, touch elbows with them, and know they were friends who thought as much of America as you did. The second day found us running up along side the Old Hudson; I say old for Henry's first visit was about as ancient as anything we can boast of.

Spring has not begun here yet so the colors are not as brilliant as they must be a little later.

I could not help but wonder what foreigners think of this, our entrance gate, as they speed in these luscious Pullman cars along as smooth a road bed as there is on earth. And so all night and part of the next day we roll on. This is the home land; so familiar is it all that you can hear each telegraph pole calling "Welcome Home."

There are the sand hills of Michigan, there is the lake. Hasten on good train, up into that dear old dirty, smoky city, and here we are landed safe and sound and we are in the hands of our friends.

It is time to draw the curtain; the journey is over. The links of our chain in "Our Little Journey Around the World" are now complete.



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